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THE

WRITINGS

OF

JANE TAYLOR.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

CORRESPONDENCE, AND ORIGINAL POEMS.

BOSTON:
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1832.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

A MOTHER

AND

HER DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL

BY MRS. TAYLOR

AND

JANE TAYLOR.

FROM SEVENTH LONDON EDITION.

BOSTON:

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1832.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the purpose of conveying instruction to young people at school, the method of letters from a mother was adopted, as the most natural and convenient, and as the most likely to engage the attention of those for whose use the volume is designed.

It is hoped, the letters of *Laura* will not be considered as intruders in these pages. While they were intended to render the work somewhat more amusing to the young reader, it will be seen that it was not with a view to her amusement *only* that they were written.

That the best interests of their young friends —to whom the volume is affectionately dedicated—may be promoted by its perusal, is the sincere wish of the

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

CORRESPONDENCE,

&c.

LETTER I.

My dear, dear Mother,

During the greatest part of my journey yesterday, I employed myself in planning a long letter, which I fully intended to write to you as soon as I arrived. It was chiefly about the pain I felt at parting with you; and although I feel it as much, almost, to-day, as I did yesterday, yet I think you will be better pleased to hear something of my new situation, and how I like Mrs. W.

I shall never forget what I felt, as we drove out of town yesterday morning; however, I determined to keep it all to myself, and thought I had quite dried up my tears; but just as we turned off the common on to the London road, I happened, unfortunately, to look at the milestone, where, you remember, our learned overseers inform us, that "Here *end* the parish of St. Gregory." So beginning to laugh (as I intended at

least) at our Suffolk grammar, it turned into a fit of crying, or something between laughing and crying, I scarcely know which. After that, the country was very flat and dull for many miles, and at last I began to grow stupid and sleepy. But I cannot stay now to tell you more about the journey, especially as nothing particular happened all the rest of the way.

We did not arrive here till eight o'clock in the evening, when, after driving quite through a long dullish-looking street, we stopped at Mrs. W.'s gate. It is a red-brick house, the last in the village, and stands in a garden, a little way back from the road, with an immense row of tall poplars before it, looking like so many sentinels.

I cannot tell you what I felt as I walked up the gravel walk to the hall door, where Mrs. W. herself stood to receive me. She spoke very kindly, and looked more agreeable than I expected. She first took me into her own parlor, and began to make many inquiries about you and papa, and so on: but I felt so stiff and strange you can't imagine! and I am sure she thought me the stupidest creature; for I could think of nothing in the world to say, but "yes, ma'am," and "no, ma'am;" and so I sat twisting my gloves: till at last she proposed introducing me to the young ladies.

Only five of them are yet come; but fifteen more are expected in a day or two. You cannot

think how forlorn I felt, when I found myself shut up with these five strange girls in the school-room. It was then growing quite dusk, so that I could not discern their faces, nor they mine. I could only see that we were in a large room, without any carpet, with a long table set out in the middle, and an immense pair of globes in one corner. I sat down by myself in a window-seat, two of the girls were sitting in the other, whispering to each other; and I observed that one of them leaned forward sometimes to peep at me. The other three were only little ones. I think I never, in my whole life, felt so uncomfortable as I did then. However, it did not last long; for in a few minutes, one of the girls who had been whispering in the window-seat, came and seated herself by me, and spoke in the most free, affectionate manner you can imagine. Her name is Jessy Cooke—a pretty name, isn't it? She said she remembered how miserable she was the first day she came to school, and that she always felt a great deal for *new girls;* and she added, which I thought very kind, that she had never felt so much for any one as for me. I thanked her, and said that I did, indeed, feel rather uncomfortable, as I had never left my dear father and mother before, and as I was not much accustomed to see strangers. "Strangers! that 's a cold word," said she; "you must not apply it to me, indeed you must not!" and then she took

my hand, and said, in the kindest manner, "I hope you will allow me to be your *friend!*" How little did I expect to find one so soon! She is all heart, and so unreserved!

The other young lady, Miss Grace Dacre, is of quite a different temper. Jessy Cooke told me so: and if she had not, I should soon have found it out; for the moment the candles came in, she gave me such a scrutinizing look: and when she saw Jessy and me sitting hand in hand, I perceived a smile at the corners of her mouth, and she turned away, and began playing with the little ones. She has not spoken three sentences to me since I came. How I do dislike such cold, reserved dispositions!

Jessy Cooke and I sleep in the same room, which I am particularly glad of. Dear girl! she has told me almost all her heart.

I have risen early this morning, my dearest mamma, in order that you might hear of my safe arrival, by to-day's post. In my next, I shall be able to tell you a great deal more, as the other ladies will be come by that time, and I shall have entered upon my new employments. There are two teachers, but only one is come yet. She is in deep mourning for her father, and, they say, has never been out before. I pitied her last night, as she was sitting with us, she looked so melancholy. The only thing I like in Miss Dacre is, that she seems very attentive to her.

The bell rings, and I must conclude instantly. My kindest love to dear papa and Kitty. Pray don't forget to feed my pigeons. What a long half year before I shall see you! Pray write as soon as you can, my dear mamma; and believe me your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

LAURA.

P. S. 12 o'clock.—I love Jessy Cooke better every hour. She was much surprised to hear that I was only fifteen.

LETTER II.

My dear Laura,

JUST about the time that you were passing the boundaries of St. Gregory, your sister and I were visiting your deserted chamber; where poor Kitty wept aloud, and I wiped an involuntary tear from my cheek. But the pang of such a separation ought not to be very poignant, when the benefit which we expect to derive from it is considered: we may reasonably hope the effects of this absence will repay us for the sacrifice; and as our own insulated neighborhood does not afford us the means of giving you some advantages we wish you to possess, we doubt not but you will so

industriously improve your present opportunities, that, when you return, we shall feel amply compensated for this short suspension of your kind and dutiful offices. Indeed, the pain we felt at parting is productive of pleasure, when we trace it to the mutual affection which occasioned it: and when we remember, that in some unhappy families, such a separation would be esteemed a relief rather than a privation. Although we have to dispense for a time with the society of one whom we love, we have the pleasing anticipation of enjoying it again, with all that endeared it to us (as we earnestly hope) unimpaired; and with some valuable attainments superadded. It is *but* half a year, my dear girl! when we hope to see you again. A little speck of time, indeed! Yet we might esteem such periods *long*, when we remember that a few of them will change your auburn locks to gray; and then, that a few more will lay you in the dust. If this be the case, how precious are they! You are now a child; but a little while will bring you to maturity, when you will be required to act for yourself. This will so soon be the case, that it is almost enough to alarm you. Consider what a poor figure you would make in the world with your present stock of knowledge and experience: how little able to conduct yourself — still less to govern others. Yet, you may be encouraged by reflecting on the great progress some have made in as short a time,

and often in less advantageous circumstances. Let these considerations stimulate you to exertion in your various pursuits; but ever remembering, that as your education is intended to prepare you for the duties of the present life, so the primary business of this life itself, is to qualify you for one which is to come. Amongst so many occupations that have no direct relation to this grand object, and amongst so many temptations to neglect it, it is particularly necessary, my dear child, to remind you that "*one thing is needful.*"

You say that Mrs. W. looked more agreeable than you expected. Did you expect her then to look disagreeable? Must it follow, because she has undertaken the arduous work of your education—the formation of your mind and manners, and the control of your conduct—that she should be a tyrant? She who has engaged, as far as circumstances will permit, to supply a mother's place! It would indeed be as unreasonable to expect her to feel all the affections of a parent towards her numerous family, as to require them to cultivate *filial* affection towards her. Yet she may, and I have no doubt she does, cherish the amiable sensations of benevolence and kindness towards those under her care. In return, they are bound to repay her with every expression of gratitude and affection in their power. Should there be any towards whom, from their amiable conduct, she might be inclined to indulge a more

particular attachment, her situation forbids her to discover it in any other way, than by such marks of her approbation, as even the perverse must, in their consciences, approve. She must conduct herself impartially towards all; distributing rewards and punishments with an equal hand. That fostering kindness, therefore—those little indulgences which make some children pine after home—must be dispensed with at school, from the very nature of it; and resigned for more solid advantages. Children are sent there for the purposes of instruction; and while this object, and their general health and welfare are assiduously attended to, it is all that can reasonably be expected. I would aim, my dear Laura, to prevent you from raising your expectations too high of what should be required in your governess; while I would excite in you that veneration for her character to which she is justly entitled. Do not suppose a benevolent and tender disposition towards you inconsistent with the strict discipline she is obliged to maintain: great is the charge she has undertaken; and arduous is her task. You will believe this when you see the various dispositions she has to encounter; as it is more than probable that there will be some dull, some obstinate, some untractable, some indolent among you. May my Laura not add to the number.

In addition to these difficult duties, you must

remember that she has her own private concerns, in common with other people; and is subject to the same bodily indispositions. Some young ladies act as though they forgot this, or were quite regardless of it: but my dear Laura will remember, that if her mother is occasionally depressed under the cares and sorrows inseparable from human life, her governess may possibly have a share of them.

There will be some amiable girls among you, no doubt, who will render her work pleasant; and I hope and believe you will be one of the first who, by respectful conduct, and a teachable disposition, will do all in your power to lessen her cares, and prevent her the mortification of returning you to us, without the end answered for which you were placed under her superintendence.

Your pigeons would be fed, even if they were not yours. Though I must say they flit about as blithely, and seem as forgetful of their benefactress, as some are apt to be who are *not* pigeons.

I must suspend my congratulations respecting your *new* friend, until you are better acquainted with her. That you have *old* ones you will not doubt, in your papa, your sister, and

your affectionate Mother.

P. S. I wonder that Miss Jessy Cooke should suppose you to be more than fifteen, as you were always thought small for your age.

LETTER III.

I COULD not have believed, my dear mamma, that I should so soon have become reconciled to my absence from home. But, I assure you, I have so many things to do and to think of here, and in the short intervals of employment there is so much to interest me, that though I find plenty of time for affectionate thoughts, I have none for melancholy reflections.

You must not expect, in these few weeks, to hear of my having made any particular progress. I find however, already, the great advantage, to my volatile temper, of being obliged to apply with so much regularity. And I do hope that you and papa will not have to lament, that your kindness in sending me here has been quite thrown away.

I am often reminded of your cautions on the subject of emulation. Mrs. W. I am certain is exactly of your opinion about it. She takes great pains to check in us a spirit of competition and rivalry; while she endeavors to inspire us with the genuine love of knowledge, and with a true taste for our acquirements; urging us to be more ambitious to excel *ourselves*, than to excel each other. Do you know, she has so much penetration, that she has found out a great many of my faults already. The other day, when speaking of emulation, she told me that although her admoni-

tions on that subject were not so applicable to me as to some others, she could not compliment me on my superior magnanimity. "My dear," she said, "it would gratify you, would it not, to surpass your companions? and yet, rather than submit to the toil of competition, or hazard the mortification of being outdone, you are ready to stand still and let them all get the start of you." When she said this, I knew that she could see into every corner of my heart.

I hope I shall not forget your advice with regard to my conduct to Mrs. W. She is, indeed, very kind and considerate; though I am sure she has much to try her patience, in our various dispositions.

I expected to have a great deal to tell you, when I had seen all my new companions. But really I am disappointed to find so few out of the whole number with whom I could form any thing like a friendship. Many of them, to be sure, are such little things that they are quite out of the question: and as to the rest, they are most of them so uninteresting! There are, however, some exceptions; and I must tell you, that there are five of us great girls who take the lead in every thing. At the top of all is Grace Dacre; and though, as I told you before, I think I could never be very confidential with her, yet it is impossible not to admire and esteem her very much. She is uncommonly clever; but so superior to any littleness

and vanity, that although she does every thing best, no one seems envious of her superiority. Next to her is a Miss Raymond: I don't believe Mrs. W. thinks she has a great deal of taste; and she is certainly not what one would call *bright*, she is too grave and solid for that; but she has such indefatigable application and industry, that there seems to be nothing but what she can accomplish. Though not at all ill-natured, she is very reserved; and perhaps a little *high:* she is obliging to us all; but not intimate with any one. Fanny Fielding, the next I shall mention, is, I think, in most things equal to Miss Raymond; but they are completely different in their dispositions. There is not one of us who has half so much emulation, nor that applies with so much avidity. You never saw any thing like her anxiety, when we are at our lessons together. In drawing, for instance, for which she has certainly no particular taste, (indeed she acknowledges that she never liked it much) yet the idea of being outdone in any thing is so terrible to her, that she makes the greatest exertions to excel in it. I often see her casting anxious glances at my drawing-book, and then redoubling her own efforts: and it is the same with music, Italian, and every thing she does; she seems to succeed only because she is *determined* that she will. Yet she is extremely amiable and affectionate, and most of the girls love her very much; but some, who are less good-

natured, take advantage of her temper, and tease her sadly. The fourth on my list is Phillis Parker, a sharp, clever little thing, rather plain and odd-looking; who, though she is but lately come, and has had few advantages at home, seems likely soon to surpass us all. She is not vain in the least, but very droll; and often says smart witty things, which makes poor Fanny Fielding very angry; for she dreads being laughed at beyond every thing.

You see I have included myself in this distinguished *five;* but I am well aware that this must be attributed to my age, and the great advantages I have enjoyed at home, rather than to my own quickness or industry; in both which respects I am much surpassed by many who are younger than myself. You will be surprised to find that my friend Jessy is not one of the number: the reason is, that although she is so pleasant and affectionate as a friend, and has been, and indeed continues to be, particularly kind to me, she is not so anxious about the cultivation of her mind as could be wished.

I had much more to say, particularly in answer to your letter; but must now only add, with kind love to all, that I am your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER IV.

My dear child,

THAT you are so soon reconciled to your new situation affords us great pleasure; though, indeed, it is only as we expected. It must be something more than a temporary separation, even from our dearest friends, that can render us permanently unhappy, while busily employed in any way, and especially in the important work of self-improvement.

We are also gratified to learn, that you are qualified to class with the four young ladies, of whom you have given us some description. How essentially they differ from each other! and probably you will perceive a similar variation throughout the school, as striking as the diversity of faces. These differences arise greatly from education, and early habits; and partly from constitution, influenced by those accidental circumstances which frequently give an early and a marked bias to the character. It is natural, therefore, that you should find tastes and dispositions which are not at all congenial with yours: and should such dissimilarity occasionally produce a difference from your own opinion, and even an opposition to your will, you must not be surprised nor offended; but should rather feel disposed to make every favorable allowance and concession. This

must ever become us, unless we could assert our own infallibility, and maintain that our education, habits, and constitution, have combined with every accidental circumstance to form a character absolutely complete.

There are some lessons, besides those you receive from your masters, which you may learn better at school than at home, from the variety of characters with whom you must come in contact: few of them but must yield you some advantage, either from observation of *their* temper and conduct, or from the exercise they afford to *yours*. You have now, my dear Laura, a fair opportunity of ascertaining your natural temper, and how far you have acquired the command of it. Hitherto, all has gone smoothly with you; nurtured amid scenes of domestic peace, you are but a novice in the science of human life; and know little more of yourself than of others. Let one of your first attainments be, a feeling of kindness and benevolence to all around you, expressed by an habitual courtesy of manner: this will ensure you a cordial reception into society, and enlarge your sphere of influence and usefulness, which, with the best intentions, and the strictest rectitude, you might otherwise fail to obtain. Accustom yourself to make every allowance for the imperfections of others, every reasonable sacrifice to their feelings, every effort for their good. Each day will afford you an opportunity of making either an *effort*, a

sacrifice, or an *allowance*. And while thus employed, your own character will progressively become more amiable, as, in promoting the happiness of others, you are laying the surest foundation for your own.

These observations recall to my recollection the pleasing image of Anna Parker, my beloved companion at school. Plain in her person and in her dress, she had no ambition to attract notice by external blandishments: and whilst she had higher aims than most, she was one of the last in the school on whom a stranger would have bestowed observation—one of the last to make any effort to invite it.

While to perform her own task well was her primary object, she was willing, at any time, to suspend it to do a kind office for another. If any of her companions, through negligence or accident, needed assistance, she was ever ready and at hand: her work-bag was constantly open to all whose silk or crewels were mislaid or lost. Tales she would never tell of any; and none *could* tell tales of her. In school-cabals and mischief *her* name was never mentioned: suspicion dared not glance at her. And while divisions and contentions were continually arising among the rest, those who could unite in nothing else cordially agreed in admiring and loving Anna Parker. It would be needless to say that she was beloved by her governess, who used continually to refer us to her, as a pattern for our imitation.

You must not, however, expect to find schools peopled with such characters; nor allow yourself to feel chagrin and disappointment that it is not so. Recollect your father's remark, when we were so annoyed by the flies during our morning's walk:—That as we must not expect them to suspend their gambols, and obediently divide to the right and left till we had passed, so much less ought we to require our fellow creatures to give way to our opinions, to lay aside their prejudices, and to regulate their conduct in conformity to ours. The graces of meekness and forbearance are exhibited in their perfection, by our divine Teacher. He says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart:"—and in proportion as your love to Him is excited, you will be disposed to keep this, and all His commandments.

I think you mentioned two or three little ones among you. These I would particularly recommend to your attention; as, notwithstanding the well-known tenderness of their governess, they must naturally miss the fostering care of their mothers, in a much greater degree than such girls as you can or ought to do. I trust there are no ladies in your school who would oppress them; especially as the period of that tender age is too recent for any of them to have forgotton the feelings inseparable from it.

I must now tell you—but what do I see—the end of my paper! so I must leave the many

things I had to say, unsaid; like some who find themselves at the verge of life, with many of their plans and schemes unaccomplished; and if, above all, the grand end and design of their being has been neglected, how dismal will their case be! Should they think of crowding the business of their immortal interests into the bottom of the page, just as I do the conclusion of my epistle, they may not succeed so well, for I find I *have* room to subscribe myself,

your affectionate Mother.

LETTER V.

My dear Mother,

SOME parts of your last letter were as applicable and seasonable, as if you had been acquainted with my particular circumstances at the time. If I had leisure, I might write very often, to ask your advice about something that occurs amongst us, in which I am at a loss how to act: and yet if I were carefully to apply your general advice to these particular cases, I believe I should seldom do wrong.

I find it very true that there are pains in all our pleasures, even in friendship, where I had least expected to find them. Jessy Cooke thinks I

have treated her unkindly, which I am sure was the farthest from my intention; and the more I think of what has passed, the more I am inclined to believe that I have done nothing inconsistent with true friendship. I now suspect that her views of it are not quite right; though I confess they appeared, at first, very congenial with my own, and gave me a high idea of her sensibility. She will not allow it possible to have *two* friends, especially two *confidants;* and she has no idea of friendship without *secrets.* She has told me a great many of hers, certainly; and was hurt because I did not return her confidence. When she complained of it, I said what was very true, that, really, I had no secrets that I knew of; upon which she began laughing at me, and I felt very much mortified, (which was foolish, I know) and tried to recollect something to tell her, but I could think of nothing in the world except a silly little affair that once happened between Kitty and me, which I knew she would think it childish to repeat. I therefore only added, "none, at least, that I have not told mamma." "Told your mamma! well, that is curious, indeed!" said she; "why, I never told mamma a secret in my life; she is the last person in the world I should think of saying any thing particular to."

We were at this time walking arm in arm, up and down the long gravel walk. Grace Dacre was there also, reading to herself. Every time

we passed, Jessy made a point of whispering very low, even when we were saying nothing that it would at all have signified for her to overhear. At last, as she was passing us, she looked off her book, saying, with a good-natured smile, "Take care, Laura! take care! or I shall hear all your secrets." I was just then feeling vexed and dissatisfied both with Jessy and myself, and could not help replying, "O, it was no secret, I assure you; I was just then saying that I have none, and Jessy thinks me a child for it."—"I am glad of that," said Grace: "do you know now I am quite pleased to hear you say so; I am a schoolgirl myself, to be sure, but I do dislike schoolgirl's secrets; come, let us have done with them, and walk together;" and with that she laid hold of my arm. This was all that passed, as well as I can remember; but poor Jessy took such offence, you have no idea. She left us instantly, only saying that she had walked till she was tired; and there were Grace and I left alone together for the first time in our lives, for Jessy would never suffer me to walk with her before, because she said I was *her* friend. Grace immediately changed the conversation; I knew she was too generous to say a word to Jessy's disadvantage. It was, mamma, just such a conversation as I think you would have listened to with pleasure. Grace is almost two years older than Jessy and I; and yet she loves to talk on subjects, and is interested about

things, that Jessy thinks quite childish. I dreaded seeing her again, expecting she would reproach me with unkindness; but that is not her way; she has avoided me ever since, and has not allowed me any opportunity to explain myself; only when we meet, putting on a cool, patient look, like a person that has been injured: and if she is asked where I am, or any question about me, she answers in this way,—"I don't know, indeed: Miss Dacre can tell you, I dare say." I am very much afraid she is of a mean, jealous temper, and will never be reconciled on any other terms than my breaking completely with Grace, which I should be extremely unwilling to do, because she is just such a friend as I want. I believe, mamma, you would think her truly serious. Last Sunday evening we had a delightful walk together in the garden. She soon turned the conversation to religious subjects. O, it was so different to the foolish chats I have had there sometimes with others! When I said how difficult I found it, among so many pursuits, and so many companions, to fix my thoughts upon those things, she assured me that she felt the same; but added, that she was sure our temptations to delay, and to neglect religion, were fewer and weaker now, than they would be by and by. "It will, I have no doubt," she said, "be far more difficult to give our hearts to God, and to give up the world when we leave school, than it is now: and if we wait till

it seems quite pleasant and easy to do, it will never be done. Besides, I often think of those lines in the little hymn which I am not ashamed of quoting even now,

> ' 'T will please us to look back and see
> That our *whole lives* were thine.' "

You may remember, dear mother, how suitable the conclusion of your last letter was to our conversation: I could not help reading it to Grace who, when I had done so, thanked me, and said, with the tears in her eyes, that she had lost *her* mother. I know you will rejoice that I am likely to gain such a friend: but yet I am very sorry about poor Jessy.

Your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER VI.

IT is no small gratification to me, to hold converse with you, my beloved child; especially, as I find the hints I suggest are applied to the purposes for which they are intended; and that, as occasions arise, your general conduct is likely to be regulated by a parent's care, though not immediately under her eye.

That a degree of mutual disappointment should

arise between your new friend, Jessy Cooke, and yourself, is not very surprising; nor, when the lesson it conveys is duly considered, is it much to be regretted. It would be needless, at present, to expatiate on this young lady's character; for we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with it, to have any decided opinion; and till we have, we had better suspend our animadversions. When time shall have enabled you to form a more accurate estimate, she will find her proper level in your esteem. Probably, were you acquainted with the circumstances of her childhood—could you perceive whence her mistaken notions originate—you would pity, rather than blame her. She may not have been under the care of her parents at that important season, when first the "young idea" begins "to shoot." Her mother may have been prevented from attending to the mental culture of *her* family, by—by something, which to her, at least, may have appeared of more importance. However this may be, let not the intimacy you so hastily formed, as suddenly subside,—though it is, indeed, but the common fate of these warm first-sight friendships; nor by any thing in *your* look and manner, attempt to retaliate the unkindness of hers, which would be quite as unjustifiable as to return railing for railing. There is no species of warfare more disingenuous than this: it is annoying others, without allowing them the opportunity of defending themselves: and it is

capable of inflicting as severe a smart, as more open and direct accusations. Rather endeavor, my love, to conciliate your friend by persevering kindness and good humor. It may, perhaps, be in your power, and more especially in Miss Dacre's, who is still older, to render her an essential service, by endeavoring to improve her character. Not that I should imagine either of you equal to the task of *educating* your school-fellows—having, at present, too much to do in that way for yourselves: *your* lessons, at least, will be more suitably and effectually dispensed by example than by precept.

As Miss Jessy is so fond of secrets, she might occasionally be gratified by the perusal of certain passages in our correspondence: at least it would prevent the appearance of reserve; and might have other advantages. Perhaps, when she perceives on what terms you are with your mother, and sees what good *friends* a mother and daughter may be, she may be disposed to cultivate a more amiable frankness with hers.

I am pleased at the increasing intimacy between you and Miss Dacre, most especially, because she is one with whom you can converse on this most interesting subject. But is there only *one* in your school who "remembers her Creator in the days of her youth?" What! only *one* "inquiring the way to Zion, with her face thitherward?" Only *one* who finds Wisdom's ways to be "ways

of pleasantness?" While many of your number, in their restless desires after earthly things, may be eagerly crying, "who will show us any good?" —I would hope that there are a few, at least, sincerely disposed to say, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon *us!*"

Walking through the town this morning, I passed a door where crowds were pressing in to make (as they imagined) cheap purchases, of some travelling people, who profess to be selling their goods at a low price. I feared they would be disappointed in their bargains: at all events, they may be certain that nothing is *given* away; nor any thing to be obtained there at a price, either cheap or dear, which "the moth will not corrupt," or time destroy. But are there not commodities pressed upon our notice, which will exceed expectation, and which can be injured neither by time nor accident? And have we not seen multitudes pass on regardless, as though they heard it not?—"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come and buy, without money and without price," has little effect on those who desire only this world for their portion; although *these* offers are adapted to every want of every human creature; although they proffer food to nourish, raiment to cover, jewels to adorn, fruits and flowers to refresh, balm to heal, and cordials to revive; and these are all freely offered, though purchased not with corruptible silver and gold. What a

happiness it is, my dear Laura, that this language is not unintelligible to you! From a child *you* have been taught the Holy Scriptures. Many there are, even in this Christian land, who are as ignorant of the *truth* as the poor heathens of whom we hear so much. May you, my child, who have "line upon line, and precept upon precept," grow in grace as well as in wisdom and stature; that so you may be in favor with God, as well as with your fellow creatures.

But remember, that it is not by reading nor hearing alone, that you must expect these effects to follow. It is only when reflection and prayer accompany those means, that we can hope the good seed will take root and grow. David, you know, meditated much on the word of God, and "hid it in his heart," for this reason, "that he might not *sin* against him." And be assured, my dear child, that *you* will find no antidote so effectual against the sins and follies of your age.

Believe me

your affectionate Mother.

LETTER VII.

My dear Mother,

I AM afraid sometimes you will be quite tired with the relation of my school adventures; in which you cannot possibly be so much interested as I am. But when I remember the kindness with which you have always attended to my little affairs, in the midst of your own important ones, I feel assured that you will receive my rambling epistles with the same indulgence.

Since I wrote last, we have had an addition to our number: a Miss Biggins. Oh, mamma! such a curiosity! She is the only child of a very rich man, who they say has made his fortune suddenly. Although she is as old as I am, she has had no kind of education before; so that it would be very wrong to laugh at her; especially as she is extremely good-natured and obliging, and very desirous to improve. But really it is difficult to help it sometimes, there is something so droll in her look and manner. She is very short, fat, and rosy; and stutters a little, particularly when she is either puzzled or angry. Phillis Parker can mimic her exactly; but, I do assure you, I have only heard her do it once, and then she was very angry with herself afterwards.

Some days ago, one of the girls was telling us of a custom at the school she has lately left, (which

I think from her manner of expressing herself must have been a very different one from this). They used, she said, once a week, to write *thoughts:* that is, some short sentence, "out of their own heads," as she called it, which was afterwards submitted to the governess's inspection. "But, la!" said she, "we do nothing of that sort at this school: I never saw such a school in my life!" Several of us agreed that we should like very well to try our talents at thought-making, if Mrs. W. approved of it; at which she was much pleased, and said, "Dacre, dear! do you ask her if we may!" Mrs. W. very readily consented to our making the attempt; so we all set about it, and could think of nothing but our thoughts all the week. I should have told you, that poor Miss Biggins, when it was first proposed, came up to Grace and me with such a queer puzzled face, saying,—"A thought! dear, I can't do it, I'm sure!—what sort of a thought?—what do they mean, I wonder!" "Why, think of something, and that will be a thought, won't it?" said Phillis Parker. Grace, however, kindly endeavored to explain it to her, by an example: upon which some one cried out, "That is not fair! there's Grace Dacre helping Miss Biggins to write her thought." To which Miss Biggins replied, with more spirit than usual, "No, but she is not, though; if I can't make one myself, I won't make any at all."

This was the very thing, as you may suppose, to excite Fanny Fielding's ambition. Grace and I found her one evening scribbling away upon her slate, as intently as if her welfare for life depended upon her succeeding. She looked up at us with her worried, anxious face; and said, "I heartily wish this had never been thought of: it will be nothing but vexation to me, I foresee. Mine, I know, of the whole number, will be the very worst." "That is very unlikely indeed," said Grace; "perhaps you only mean that you are afraid, that, of the whole number, it will not be the very best." "Nay, that I am quite certain of," said Fanny. "Well," said Grace, "and suppose it is not?" "Suppose it is not! Really, Grace," said she, "I do admire to hear you ask that question so coolly! You that are *sure* of writing a good one; it is easy enough to be so calm and philosophical about it." "But I am not at all sure of writing a good one," said Grace; "indeed I am pretty sure I shall not: yet, I confess, I don't feel *very* anxious about it; and perhaps that gives me some chance of success." "Well, now," said Fanny, "suppose you were—(I know you will not)—but suppose you were to write a very poor one; just tell me if you would not feel very much mortified?" "Perhaps I might," said Grace; "but then I should be more mortified afterwards, for *being* very much mortified, than for having written a poor thought."

"Well, well, *I* am no stoic, nor ever shall be," said Fanny; "so do tell me, now, what I shall write about?" "About my stoical philosophy, and welcome, if you please," said Grace, laughing; and so we left her.

For my own part, I must confess, I had no idea before how difficult it is to *think*. I could, to be sure, have written half a hundred sentences piecemeal from books; but to invent any thing of one's own, not exactly common-place, you know, is a very different kind of thing.

Well, mamma, this evening was the time fixed for Mrs. W. to see them. Our slips of paper were placed before her, and she read them aloud, in their turns. What diverted me most was, to watch the girls while their own thoughts were being read. Some laughed, some colored, some jogged their neighbors' elbows. Poor Fanny Fielding looked quite pale all the time. I am afraid it would not amuse you much, if I were to transcribe our fine thoughts for your inspection. Some were not very *original*, certainly: for instance,—"Virtue and vice are very opposite qualities."—"Time flies swiftly."—"How amiable is virtue!" &c. But what do you imagine Phillis Parker's was?—just like her! "There is no having *thoughts* without *thinking*." But I must tell you poor Miss Biggins's, because it passed off so much better than could be expected: it was this—"*Them that has n't any patience, can never*

have no learning." Oh, mamma! the moment it was read, the whole school burst out a-laughing; and she, poor girl! stood covered with confusion. There was not one who did not laugh (for I did, I confess), except Grace Dacre. But Mrs. W., in her commanding way, put a stop to it by saying, that, in her opinion, this, in point of sentiment, was one of the best sentences she had read: its incorrectness, she observed, was merely incidental; a few weeks' attention to *Murray* would enable her to rectify those mistakes.

The tears overflowed poor Miss Biggins's eyes as Mrs. W. said this. To turn our attention from her, I suppose, Mrs. W. then began to look over some of our papers again; and said, smiling, "As to these thoughts of you elder ones, perhaps I might give this general opinion: that Grace Dacre's is the most *acute;* Miss Raymond's the most *correct;* Fanny Fielding's the most *ornamented;* Laura's, the most *simple;* Phillis's, the most *original;* and Miss Biggins's, the most *useful.*"

With this sentence we were dismissed; and so it has ended very well: though I do not think Fanny is quite satisfied with hers; for she has been teasing Grace, and me, too, all the time I have been writing, to know what we supposed Mrs. W. *exactly* meant by *ornamented.*

I am sorry to see that I have filled my whole letter with this silly affair. It has, however, taught me one thing; and that is, how much one

may say and write without *thinking:* since it took me more time to write a single sentence with a *thought* in it, than the longest letter I have ever sent you. Farewell, dear mamma! pray excuse all the faults and *thoughtlessness* of your

LAURA.

LETTER VIII.

My dear Laura,

FAR from being wearied with your school anecdotes, I feel much interested in them; as they afford me an opportunity, both of watching the unfoldings of your character, and of correcting what I may deem exceptionable in your views or your conduct, as occurrences arise. Besides, my dear, I am your *mother*.

I am disposed to congratulate you on the addition made to your number in Miss Biggins: and hope it will prove mutually advantageous. I say *mutually*, because, whatever her deficiencies may be, since she is "good-natured, obliging, and very desirous to improve," her example may be useful to the most accomplished among you. For these are sterling qualities, in which, sometimes, the most accomplished are deficient.

It is such a little time since you entered that school-room, a stranger—since you sat forlorn in the window-seat, the object of your school-fellows' curiosity—that you are well qualified to sympathize with a new-comer. And although you are neither fat nor rosy, it is probable that even *you* might furnish matter for ridicule, by some unconscious peculiarity in your manner or appearance. Indeed, when people are so disposed, they will never be at a loss for subjects on which to exercise this foolish propensity: just as a kitten sports with every thing that comes in her way, not because it is appropriate, but because she is playful. In Miss Biggins's being "short, fat, and rosy," there is, at least, no crime: and as the impediment in her speech is decidedly a misfortune, I hope your friend Phillis will prove that she was really angry with herself, by never repeating the unkindness of mimicking it.

I was going to say that had I been present when Miss Biggins's *thought* was read, I might have joined in the laugh; though it would not have been at her expense. I might have laughed, my dear Laura, to see a number of young ladies, in the very act of exercising their *thoughts*, affording such a proof of its being to them a novel employment, by the reception which they gave to the first efforts of an uninstructed girl, and a stranger. Yet I rather think I should have felt as Mrs. W. did. None are just objects of ridicule

for being destitute of that which they have had no means of acquiring. A ploughman, seated at a nobleman's table, would most probably excite it; but it would be misplaced; because elegance of manners is no more to be expected in him, than awkwardness in a man of polite education. Indeed, my dear, it is difficult to select a fit object for ridicule: certainly not ignorance; for even when it arises from inattention and indolence, it is rather to be lamented than laughed at: nor is its aspect ludicrous, but rather pitiable, when it is the involuntary effect of circumstances. As the habit of *thinking* becomes more frequent, I am persuaded that you will be so seriously occupied in remedying your own deficiencies, as to feel little inclination to smile at those of others.

When I called on our poor neighbor Woodly the other day, intending to present him with a Bible, I was greatly disappointed to find that neither husband nor wife could read. In this circumstance, however, we could discern nothing to excite a smile; although the acknowledgement, that they did not know their letters, was very incorrectly expressed. Now Miss Biggins is in a similar predicament; and so are you, and so am I, in a certain degree, while there yet remains any thing which it is desirable for us to know, but which we have not had the opportunity of learning. I rejoice that this young lady, by her change of circumstances, will now have the means

of improvement: thus the superiority afforded by fortune becomes of real value. Opulence is the soil in which many a fair floweret unfolds, which could otherwise never expand and diffuse its fragrance. It is of great importance that young persons should form an accurate estimate of the value of wealth. They cannot too early learn, that its chief excellence consists in affording the means of intellectual improvement, of assisting the necessitous, and of increasing the happiness of all within their sphere. I would hope, therefore, my dear, that your attachment to your young friends may never be proportioned to the number of thousands they may inherit; but to the influence such advantages have upon their characters. Learn to distinguish, and to respect true merit, whether in situations above or beneath you.

As the want of knowledge exposes the most amiable to ridicule, as well as to many more serious disadvantages, those on whom Providence has smiled in this respect have great cause for thankfulness. And while they are diligent in improving their own privileges, they will be equally zealous in assisting others who are destitute of them.

Those who feel *thinking* to be so very laborious will find, that in proportion to their perseverance, the mind will attain vigor; and mental exercises will become more facile and delightful. How much does our own happiness, and that of others,

depend upon the right exercise of our thinking powers! May you, my Laura, be able to say with the Psalmist, "I hate vain *thoughts*, but thy law do I love." "In the multitude of my *thoughts* within me, thy comforts delight my soul." This, above all other things, is the earnest hope of

your affectionate Mother.

LETTER IX

Dear Mamma,

I WRITE rather sooner than usual, in order to request you to execute a few little commissions for me, of which I subjoin the list. But should you think the first unnecessary, I shall be quite contented to do without it; although they are very generally worn here, and certainly look very pretty; and mine is getting rather shabby. (Grace has one.)

There is, I know, some danger of paying too much attention to dress, among so many girls, some of whom think of little else. And yet it does tend in a great degree to check the love of it, to observe, that those are generally the most dressy who have least sense; and that those who are so much engrossed by it are vulgar in their

minds, if not in their manners. Poor Miss Biggins came loaded with expensive finery; while Grace Dacre and Miss Raymond, who have the highest connexions of any in the school, are the plainest dressed of any of us. It was quite diverting to see the unfeigned astonishment of some of those dressy girls, when Mrs. W. assured them that Grace and Miss Raymond dressed as they did, not from necessity, but choice: as they were both intrusted with such an ample allowance, as would enable them, if they pleased, to be the gayest of any in the school. That any body should dress plainly who could *afford* to be fine, seemed quite beyond their comprehension.

When I once told Mrs. W. that Grace had cured me of the love of dress, she bade me beware of deceiving myself. For, she said, that if my determination arose merely from the common propensity to imitate those we love,—if my next friend happened to be fond of dress, I should soon follow her example also. To that I replied, that I was sure I never should or could choose for a friend one who was very fond of dress. At which she smiled, and said that I did not yet know what I should or could do: and added, that strange as I might think it, and strange as it was, she had known a few young persons, (to say nothing of *old* ones) of superior sense, taste, and intelligence, and even, she believed, of sincere piety, and such as I might be proud to call my friends, who yet

bestowed a very improper share of their time and attention on dress, and betrayed an inordinate interest in it. She regarded it, indeed, as a pitiable weakness, and lamentable inconsistency in their characters; but so it was; and, therefore, she advised me to form my principles and conduct, in this respect, on some more substantial foundation than the practice of an amiable friend. She then endeavored to convince me, that true taste, no less than right principle, forbids excess of ornament, and excessive thought about it. How disagreeable it is to see a showy company, every one of which has evidently done her *utmost!* One's eyes are perfectly fatigued with wandering from one fine thing to another. And yet, I must confess, that I sometimes feel the very same propensity myself; only I hope that time, and thought, and good advice, and the example of those I most respect and admire, will cure it.

Mrs. W. allows that there may be as much pride in extreme plainness, as in excessive attention to dress, — and more affectation; and she thinks there is a proper degree of regard to our outward appearance, in which every one must be regulated by their own circumstances, connexions, and conscience. But, she says, there ought to be no hesitation on the subject in the case of those, who could only indulge in an ornamental style of dress at the expense of the poor and the destitute: and that it is generally thus with the limited allow-

ance of young persons. There are many, at least, who have only to choose whether they will be gay or generous; whether they will give their little overplus to the hungry and the ignorant, or to the milliner and jeweller.

O mamma! how many things there are to learn! I do not mean such only as our masters teach us; but things much more difficult than they are. Sometimes I almost despair of thinking and doing right; there are so many different opinions, and so many different ways of viewing things; yet, as dear Grace says, with a simple, sincere desire to do so, and an habitual reference to the eye and to the will of God, we need not fear, however weak and ignorant in ourselves, that we shall greatly mistake: but the danger is in forgetting this, and yielding to the bias of our own inclinations.

I ought to be very thankful, that while I am so ill qualified to direct my own conduct, I have so many friends able and willing to assist me, and, above all, if I find any disposition to look to him who has promised to be the guide of my youth. Your dutiful and affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER X.

I AM much pleased, my dear Laura, that you are so well prepared to acquiesce in my refusal to furnish you with the principal article, in your list of commissions. I must tell you plainly that I do not think it at all *necessary:* besides, that I find it would be rather too costly for me, and rather too showy for you.

It is well that your mind is so far fortified against that prevailing evil, the love of dress. I should be sorry, indeed, if in addition to those acquirements, which we hope will be permanent, one should be added which, on your return home, you will find it necessary to unlearn: (no uncommon case, I fear!) and I am glad you are aware of the danger. I believe you will not be apprehensive of my passing to the other extreme. A becoming, subordinate attention to appearance, is, I think, forbidden neither by reason nor scripture. Even some things that are merely ornamental, furnish employment to thousands of industrious families; and, for those who can *really* afford it, to encourage them is a far more effectual method of supporting the poor, than indiscriminate almsgiving. I am decidedly of Mrs. W.'s opinion, that there are those, who while they affect great strictness in dress, foster as much pride as others

who pay the most regard to it. But having conceded thus much, to which, it is probable, that in your whole number I should not find a dissentient voice, I would endeavor to confirm your views of the subject, by exposing some of the evils to which a passion for dress would lead you. An evil it is, of no small magnitude, when it tempts us to pass the bounds of our pecuniary resources; or even barely to keep within them: in which case, while we are so amply providing for the industrious poor, we may be imperceptibly descending to the same level. Thousands have thus brought themselves to participate in their necessities, without the advantages of industry to cope with them. It is really painful to observe the expensive habits of some families, especially in this respect, who might support their pretensions to gentility *much better* by a plainer appearance. Intent only on the present moment, they forget to-morrow. The gratification of being among the first in a *new fashion*, is purchased at whatever price; and as, when it becomes general it loses its charm, there can be, comparatively, but a few able to attain this distinction,—an honor for which such anxiety, study, and expense, are thought allowable. Alas! what an employment of that time and those talents of which a solemn account will shortly be required!

This sad propensity, from the titled lady down to the kitchen maid, maintains the most destruc-

tive progression. The former, in spite of all her exertions, discovers, to her mortification, that she is presently overtaken by the class immediately beneath her; and they, in their turn, are obliged to advance by their neighbors in the rear. Thus is each urged on, till the two extremes nearly approximate.

It is obvious, that the higher classes (however averse they might be to admit the fact) are eventually impelled by the lower: for were these to remain stationary, so rapid a progression would become unnecessary; and vanity itself might enjoy a transient repose. It is amusing to observe in what different lights *singularity* is viewed by amateurs in dress: for while that which is singular as being *old*-fashioned, is ridiculed and discarded, to be singular in a *new* one would to some afford the highest gratification. One would imagine, that the estate, the reputation, the existence (we will not say the soul) depended, with many, on their sporting something entirely *new;* while on those who (from attention to higher duties) are not such adepts in the science, they look down with conscious superiority. O, that half this anxiety were manifested, that (in a better sense) "*old* things might pass away, and all things become *new!*"

Do but compare for a moment, a woman actuated by this pitiful spirit of competition and love of show, with another, who, occupied by things of

real importance, dresses with simplicity, frugality, and propriety, according to her station, totally unmoved by the rivalry and splendor of her dressy neighbors; and then judge which of the two is the most dignified—(or to employ a term more intelligible to some) the most *genteel.*

I wish, my dear Laura, that those among you, with whom this mania has commenced, would but calculate how large a proportion of time, and especially of thought, it commonly engrosses; and then let reason and conscience decide how far it is injurious to mental and moral growth. Does it not seem with some "the one thing needful," to which all that is really so is sacrificed?

When we contemplate our various relations—what we owe to our fellow creatures, to ourselves, and to God—is it not fearful to reflect upon the large portion of time and the undue degree of interest devoted to the ornament of bodies which must so soon decay, and fall into ruin! "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." To ascertain the ruling passion of the mind, and its effects, it would be useful to make a pause, and recollect how seldom such vain cogitations are interrupted by these momentous subjects, which ought to predominate in minds destined to an immortal existence. And, on the contrary, to let conscience witness how frequently those vanities intrude into the house of God, and even into the closet! Such an observation as this, however,

would be to many unintelligible: it would be "speaking in an unknown tongue" to those whose closets witness only the business of the toilet, or the perusal of a romance. But there is a time approaching, when "the mantles, and the whimples, and the crisping pins, must be laid aside;" for "the fashion of this world passeth away!" "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to life; and *few* there be who go in thereat." But that happy few are clothed in robes of spotless whiteness, and unrivalled, for glory and beauty, by the most costly manufactures of this world. Their garb and ornaments, indeed, give them the appearance of singularity in the midst of an evil generation: for they are evidently pilgrims and strangers, passing on to another country: and who partake, with self-denying moderation, of the enjoyments of this, with which they are supplied from stage to stage.

Let not your ambition, then, my Laura, be degraded to such things as "braiding the hair, and gold, and pearls, and costly array;" but rather strive to attain a meek and quiet spirit, and the rest of those christian graces, which manifest to what country we are bound: for these are, "in the sight of God, of *great price*." Let your language still be with our revered poet,

> "Then will I set my heart to find
> Inward adornings of the mind;
> Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace;
> *These* are the robes of richest dress."

Although, from my neglecting your commission, many will be beforehand with you in the new fashion, you will not be disconcerted at this, nor suffer such a trifle to be a disappointment. Let your chief ambition be, that none shall get the start of you in better things. We are solicitous, as you well know, my dear girl, to gratify all your reasonable wishes, as far as we can; but it is no part of our plan to expend all upon you now; or, by *unkind* indulgence, to cherish such dispositions as must, eventually, prove inimical to your happiness. We would lay a foundation for the welfare of our Laura when her parents are sleeping in the dust.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XI.

I AM really surprised, my dear mamma, to find how near Christmas is! This, I am sure, has not appeared a long half year to me: it seems but a little while since that fine summer's morning, when I took a sorrowful leave of you. And this I think I can say, that the pleasure I feel at the prospect of the approaching vacation, arises entirely from the delightful hope of seeing you, my

dear, dear papa, mamma, and Kitty! and not at all from the thought of being released from the restraints and employments of school. I pity those who are going home to spend the time in idleness and indulgence; and rejoice to think that this would not be my case, even if I were ever so much disposed to it. I hope to return to school, not with reluctance, but with renewed ardor for my pursuits; it will also be a great pleasure to meet many of my school associates again,—dear Grace, especially; besides Mrs. W., whose kindness I shall never forget.

I shall say nothing about my improvement in any respect, as you will so soon be able to judge of that for yourselves: only I must just tell you beforehand, not to expect *too* much, as you know it is *only* half a year; and I have had a great many things to attend to in that time.

I am glad, now, that you and papa decided as you did, about some things that I was, at first, very desirous to learn. And so, I think, is Mrs. W. She appears to regret it when the ladies' parents are anxious (as most of them are) for their daughters to acquire a variety of accomplishments: because it prevents their making great proficiency in any one of them: and, especially, as it prevents their giving sufficient attention to pursuits, which she considers of far higher importance.

Even Mr. Biggins, mamma, desired that his

daughter might learn every thing that money could pay for; and particularized painting on velvet, and playing on the tambourine! It is well, I think, that Mrs. W. has better ideas of education than poor Mr. Biggins; or his daughter would be rendered more ridiculous—that is, I mean, would be more exposed to ridicule from inconsiderate people, than before she came to school.

Mrs. W. is constantly urging us to take pains, and pay every attention to whatever we attempt to acquire; but she is very anxious that we should distinguish between mere accomplishments, and that sterling knowledge which furnishes and enlarges the mind. Even accomplishments, she says, are chiefly to be valued as they tend to refine the taste, and extend the views: and I have often heard her observe, that life is too short to allow us to devote much of it to any thing that may not directly or indirectly become *useful* to ourselves or others. She once knew a young lady, who had devoted her whole life to learning to play on the harp. She succeeded, as might be expected, in her object—that of playing on the harp better than any of her friends: but what then? "What a terrible mistake," said Mrs. W. "for a being sent into the world to prepare for immortality!"

You were right, mamma, in your opinion of Miss Biggins; for I really think she is very *improvable* by education. You have no idea how

patiently she applies: and how eagerly she seems to receive the new ideas, that are every day presented to her mind.

We are just now reading "Gregory's Lessons," which I remember being so much interested in four years ago; especially the astronomical parts, which made me first love to look at the stars, and to think of them, and of Him who "calls them all by their names," as I lay awake at night, and saw them twinkling through the window-panes. It is all new, as you may suppose, to Miss Biggins; and she seems quite pleased, and anxious to know more. Now this, as I heard Mrs. W. explaining to her, has opened her mind, furnished it with new ideas, and afforded her a new source of pleasure; pleasure, too, of a noble and elevating kind. While, if she had been employing the same time in scratching upon a piece of velvet, she might, indeed, have been able to produce a gay screen or work-bag; but her *mind* would have remained as uncultivated as before. How many young women one may see, as Mrs. W. says, who can display a great variety of showy acquirements, and yet, are pretty nearly as common, narrow, and vulgar-minded, as those who have received no education at all! "Not that I would infer," said she, "that all things which are called accomplishments should rank no higher in our estimation, than drawing a flower; since some of them, when properly studied, approach very nearly, in

their effects upon the mind, to more solid acquisitions. But yet, with respect to *all* of them, I would ever keep in mind *the brevity of life*, and the grand business of it."

I was sure you would be pleased to hear how much Mrs. W.'s ideas, on this subject, accord with yours and papa's; and that, after all your anxiety, you have intrusted your poor Laura to one, who is so much more anxious to make her wise and good, than showy and brilliant. I hope her kind intentions and yours may not be wholly disappointed. I know *whose* fault it will be if they are.

We are so very busy now, that perhaps I shall not be able to write again before we meet; and I postpone all further particulars till that happy day. But I hope, dearest mother, that you will afford one more of your kind letters to your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER XII.

My dear Child,

IT was but a few evenings ago, that poor Kitty suddenly exclaimed, with great animation, "This day fortnight Laura will be here!" "If nothing happens to prevent it," said your papa. "To prevent it!" replied Kitty: "dear papa, what can

happen to prevent it?" "That I cannot tell, indeed," replied he; "and I hope nothing will: but you remember how they are reproved, who speak too confidently of 'going into such a city;' and how we are warned not to 'boast of to-morrow, as we know not what a day may bring forth.'" The general propriety of this, Kitty could not dispute: though, I fear, it did not tend to check the confidence of her expectations in the present instance.

I relate this little circumstance, my dear Laura, to prepare you for a disappointment, which it gives me a great deal of pain to communicate. As the time approached for your return, we, as well as yourself, began to indulge many agreeable anticipations; and hoping it would increase our pleasure and yours, I had written to request my young friend Charlotte to come, and make her promised visit to us during the Christmas vacation. She accepted the invitation, and has been with us a few days. But how long she may remain, or in what manner be conveyed hence, is extremely uncertain. She came safe and well, but is now confined with an acute fever, which affords little prospect of a speedy recovery. And as our medical attendant cannot yet ascertain what form her disorder may assume, nor how it may terminate, we think it best, that our dear Laura should forego the expected pleasure; provided it is convenient to Mrs. W. to allow you to

remain with her, of which she will soon inform you.

It is highly probable, therefore, that we shall not meet before midsummer: I need not say, my dear girl, that the disappointment is as much ours as yours; but as it is unavoidable, I hope we shall all acquiesce in it cheerfully. As there are few evils without their accompanying good, we hope that you will derive a valuable lesson from the present circumstance. However common-place the observation, it is an established and important truth, and one of which the young need to be continually reminded, that this is a world of uncertainties and disappointments. You may, with propriety, my love, view the event as a sample of your future experience. I was going to add, well will it be if crosses of no greater magnitude await you. But He who dispenses our sorrows is best acquainted with the kind and degree of suffering necessary to our eventual happiness. Our lesser trials, as well as our heavier calamities, come alike under the cognisance of Him who regards "a sparrow falling to the ground," as well as the desolating earthquake. It is well, however, that futurity is concealed from *our* view: as foreknowledge, if we possessed it, could not enable us to "add one cubit to our stature, nor to make one hair white or black." Could we have foreseen the extent of our separation, it would have rendered the parting still more painful: could we

have foreseen what has occasioned it, we might have withheld our invitation to Charlotte;—when, either for her or for us, the circumstance may eventually prove a propitious one.

Not having seen her since the time of her dear mother's death, when she was an infant, I was anxious to see whether she inherits those excellences which I so highly venerated in her parent, and by which she is still endeared to my memory. How far my hopes were fulfilled in this respect, I may tell you on a future occasion: at present, all our attention is engrossed by her alarming situation. We know not but she may be going to join her parents very soon; and if she is prepared for such a change, it is well; for she has now no ability to attend to her eternal interests. Let this affecting occurrence stimulate *you*, my dear Laura, to "remember your Creator *before* the evil day comes," which may even now be at hand, "in which you shall have no pleasure"—no power to attend even to the most trivial concerns; much less to those of everlasting importance.

"A flower may fade before 't is noon—"

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XIII.

My dear Mother,

I WILL not attempt to conceal from you how ill I bore the first news of my disappointment. It was certainly the most severe one I ever had; as I had indulged myself lately in imagining every circumstance of our expected meeting, and was making many preparations for it, which are now of no use:—but that is all over.

I presented your letter to Mrs. W. She desires me to say, that it is quite convenient for me to remain with her during the vacation; and is so kind as to add, that she will do all in her power to make it agreeable to me. I am very sorry for poor Charlotte: and felt ashamed of my selfishness, when I found how long I continued thinking of my own disappointment, before I began to recollect the occasion of it, or to consider how much lighter my trial is than hers.

I have often observed, that pleasures are half spoiled to us by some little unforeseen vexation attending them. Now I have made another discovery, which surprised me still more; and that is, that even pains and disappointments have their pleasures. You would be pleased to hear how many things have happened, to reconcile me to my fate. In the first place, there was the sympathy of my companions. I have heard, that

friendship is best tried by adversity, and so I found it. There were none, indeed, who did not express some concern for me; and some from whom I least expected it I am sure meant what they said. Fanny Fielding, who had been of late so intent upon her employments, in preparation for going home, that she has not had a word to spare for any body, surprised me by her warm, unaffected expressions of concern: while Jessy Cooke, who had just heard that she was to spend the vacation with her relations in London, was so engrossed by her own happiness, that she could scarcely take the trouble even to *say* that she was sorry. Oh, how much I was mistaken in Jessy at first! Nothing gratified me more than the sympathy of some of the little ones, who, in the midst of their delight at the thought of going home, came running to kiss and comfort me; wishing, as they said, "that poor Laura was going to see *her* mamma."

Grace did not say much, for she is never lavish of words; but such is the generosity of her friendship, that I could see her own pleasure was *really* lessened by my disappointment. If she could, I know she would gladly have shared it with me. She did all in her power to comfort me; and what was better, gave me excellent advice for bearing it well. What I most dreaded was witnessing the busy preparations in which I was to have no share, and seeing the happy parties set off. She. there-

fore, advised me, instead of being an idle spectator, to engage in the bustle myself, by assisting the rest. She told me to be, not only patient, but cheerful; and prophesied, that the satisfaction of submitting heroically, would compensate for all the pain. And now, mamma,—would you believe it?—those three days of bustle, while the school was breaking up, passed as happily as almost any I can remember. I was all the time at every body's call; packing for one, and finishing something for another. I found particular pleasure in assisting those who felt the least for me; because, you know, my services to them were more disinterested. I packed all Jessy's things, and mounted several drawings for her, ready to take home. By these means, I scarcely felt a pang when the last chaise drove off, and I returned to the silent empty school-room. And what do you imagine I found there?—a beautiful writing-desk, very completely fitted up, and a letter directed to me. It was written in the name of the whole school, and signed by all their names; and was to beg my acceptance of the desk, as an expression of their united affection. Mrs. W. says, that as soon as they heard of my disappointment, they asked her permission to raise a subscription among themselves for this purpose. Was it not kind?—and, instead of complaining, ought I not to be contented and happy? I am now using it for the first time; and it would be shameful, I am sure,

to write a murmuring word upon my pretty present.

Nothing can exceed dear Mrs. W.'s kindness to me. She leaves me entirely at liberty to dispose of my time during the vacation; only *recommending* me to continue a regular application to my studies, as the best way to prevent lassitude, and to make the time pass pleasantly. By this means, she says, I shall also be able to ascertain the progress I have made; and see how far I can go without help, and whether I have acquired so much strength of mind, and strength of habit, as to be attentive and industrious when restraints are removed. But while she recommends this, she is kindly planning many little pleasures and recreations for us, to make it appear like holyday time.

I forgot to tell you that another is spending the vacation here as well as myself. A young lady who has lately lost both her parents: she came last quarter; and having no comfortable home to go to, Mrs. W. offered to retain her here. I cannot say, however, that this renders my stay so much more agreeable as you might suppose. If I could have *chosen* a companion, it would have been delightful indeed (and you can easily guess who it would have been); but Miss Morrison—though, on account of her circumstances, I would wish to be particularly kind and attentive to her—is not the kind of girl I should have made choice

of. Nor does she at all answer the idea one naturally forms of an *orphan*. Before she came, I imagined her to be a pale, interesting-looking girl; rather tall, with light blue eyes, in deep mourning, and very melancholy. Instead of this, she is stout and healthy; fond of romping and school-jokes; and not at all intelligent. So that she rather spoils the pleasure I should otherwise enjoy in Mrs. W.'s society: as well as that, while we are together, I am obliged to talk to her, when I would so much rather indulge my own reflections: for now I have you, and Grace, and a great many things to think of. Besides, she talks such nonsense, sometimes! I think Mrs. W. perceives that we are not very suitable companions. She was saying the other day, that when we are placed in the society of persons who are uncongenial and uninteresting to us, we have an opportunity of exercising unmixed benevolence; which is far from being the case when associating with those we love, whose esteem we most desire, and whose society is flattering and delightful to us. There is often, she says, more of selfishness than we suspect in the attentions we pay to favorite friends. But to interest ourselves in the concerns of those who are comparatively indifferent to us,—to be kind and courteous, and to converse with them when we had rather be silent,—this, she said, is genuine good nature: and the self-denial it demands will be amply re-

paid by the esteem of others, as well as by the satisfaction of our own minds. She also said, that it is a great mistake, very common to young people, which time and experience would correct, to despise the good opinion of any one. And, that it not unfrequently happens, that the good will of those whose esteem we scarcely thought worth obtaining, proves far more valuable to us than that which we have been most solicitous to win.

I find great pleasure in rising at the usual hour, though no bell calls me; and in applying assiduously when no one requires it. If I am industrious during the whole vacation, I shall get very forward; and commence again with great advantage. I assure you, I quite enjoy myself when I am hard at work in the empty school-room.

Hoping soon to hear a better account of your guest, I remain your lonely

LAURA.

LETTER XIV.

My dear Laura,

AFTER a period of painful anxiety, on behalf of our dear invalid, I have at length the pleasure to inform you of her gradual recovery. I think I

promised to give you some account of her; a task more pleasing *now* than it would have been when first she came under our roof. Perhaps my affection for her dear mother might operate to her disadvantage, by causing me to raise my expectations too high. Indeed, prejudice is always injurious, even when exercised in favor of an object. There was a confident and unembarrassed air, even in Charlotte's first introduction to us, which never fails (in a young person especially) to make an unfavorable impression. But poor Charlotte had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school, and under the guardianship of a dissipated aunt. She has been introduced into the world as a young woman of fortune; with the addition of personal advantages, and various accomplishments. She had, therefore, every thing to elate, and (being a stranger to *herself*) nothing to humble her. How widely different is the confidence and self-sufficiency of a vain, thoughtless mind, from that holy boldness which enables the meanest *Christian* to exclaim, "Whom shall I fear?—The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall *I* be afraid?"

It was soon apparent, that Charlotte's visit to us was rather in polite compliance with our repeated invitations, than from any inclination of her own. She was aware, I believe, that our principles and habits were quite dissimilar to hers. I observed too, that Kitty, who for some time before

her arrival had thought and talked of little but Charlotte, felt chilled and disappointed at the first interview. The feelings with which she was prepared to meet her new friend were repressed by a certain manner, which is not calculated to interest the heart.

She had been with us but a few hours before I perceived, from the alternate flushings and paleness of her cheek, that she was not well. She had a slight cough, a constant inclination to approach the fire, and frequent shiverings, which, however, she took great care to conceal. When I intimated my apprehensions, she made light of them; and utterly rejected any precautionary means, which might, in this stage of the complaint, have prevented the consequences which followed.

She had, it seems, on the night preceding her journey, been to an assembly, and acknowledged that she caught a slight cold by coming out while heated with dancing. But she said she was proof against such accidents; that she never confined or nursed herself; and on my repeatedly urging her to do so on the present occasion, she laughed, and asked Kitty if she was always served so when she had a cold. But notwithstanding these bravados, it was very evident that the disorder rapidly gained ground; especially after she had persisted, in spite of my remonstrances, in walking about the garden, with little extra covering, although it was a damp and foggy

morning. But with one so competent to judge for herself (as doubtless every young lady of her age must be) all friendly interference was deemed superfluous.

But at length Charlotte could brave it out no longer. Sickness had laid a powerful hand on her, and peremptorily confined her to her bed; and death stood at the door. Nor could all the skill of the physician, nor the assiduities of friendship, afford hope for some days, that the disorder would not finally prevail. Delirium ensued:—it was the delirium of a dissipated mind, betraying its habits and propensities by every incoherent expression. Alas! it was but a remove from the vain rovings of her distempered imagination when she thought herself well and happy. But, with the return of her recollection and reasoning powers, a conviction of the vanity and insufficiency of those things, which heretofore had constituted her supreme felicity, seemed to penetrate her mind. She, at least, perceived that, however congenial they might be to her taste and wishes, she held them by a very precarious tenure, and that something more was necessary to constitute genuine happiness, than delights of which she might be deprived at a moment's warning. Her self-complacency, too, seemed to have received a considerable shock: she now *felt* herself to be a poor dependent creature; depressed or elated by circumstances at which, a few weeks before, she

would have spurned. When she had gained sufficient strength to sit up in her bed, she requested a glass to be brought. I complied; and watched with interest the turn of her countenance when she beheld her altered appearance. The shock was almost too much for her feeble frame. The pallid cheek, sunk eye, and languid expression, enforced a lesson which, I hope, will not soon be forgotten. "Surely," I said, "'all flesh is grass, and the beauty thereof as the flower of the field!'" She assented mournfully; and I added. "But although 'the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, the word of the Lord endureth forever:' that word, which is not only able to raise the decayed body even from the dust of death, but to renew the depraved soul, and make it fit for heaven." "I perceive," said she, "that either you have too much religion, or I too little." I replied, that whatever might be the case with her, I was quite sure the supposition did not apply to me. She afterwards said, she had never felt half so grateful for all the blessings with which she had been favored, as she now did (enfeebled as she was) for the hope of recovery. She seemed, however, to shrink from the trials and difficulties which she perceived must attend a new, a religious life; and greatly to fear her own stability. "What strength of mind and self-command must religious people have!" she said. "They have strength, indeed," I replied; "but it is derived

strength. The apostle says, 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me;' and the weakest Christian can make the same boast. If you find, my dear Charlotte," I said, "any disposition to apply the solemn lesson you have received to your soul's advantage, regard it as the striving of the spirit of God on your heart, taking occasion, by your recent sufferings and danger, to impress divine things upon your mind. And the same powerful aid, if sought and cherished, will be afforded to finish what, I hope, is begun. May you be induced to co-operate with these gentle influences; and accept the Gospel on the terms on which it is offered!—accept a Saviour, to do all in and for you."

Thus I would hope that our young friend is at least inquiring the way to Zion. May she find the right road, and not be turned aside to either hand, by the temptations that await her! There are so many who, in consequence of such alarming warnings, "run well" for a time, but are afterwards "hindered," that at present we can but "rejoice with trembling."

I am glad to find, my dear Laura, that you have gained a little experience since you quitted home; sufficient, I would hope, to prevent your forming a very hasty judgment in future, either of persons or things. Even Mrs. W. appears to be more agreeable than you had supposed a governess could be.—Miss Dacre, whose amiableness

you were at first disposed to question, proves to be your most valued friend:—while Jessy, who stood so high in your estimation for a few days, recedes into the back ground. You perceive also, that events are not to be judged of prematurely, any more than persons. When you left home, it would have greatly embittered the separation could you have known that you were not to see it again till your final return. Yet, how many agreeable circumstances have sprung from your disappointments!

Well, my Laura, if trivial events like these produce such unlooked-for benefits, how much more may you expect, if you walk in "Wisdom's ways," to find, though set with many a thorn, that they will prove to be "paths of peace and pleasantness;" and that all things, however adverse they may appear, shall work together for your ultimate good! — Such observations, also, will tend to abate your surprise at the frequent difference between our views and modes of thinking and your own. If, in a few months, you have gained so much experience, our stock, in a much greater number of years, ought to have accumulated in a proportionate degree. The result of which will sometimes be, that what appears decidedly good or evil to you, may seem otherwise to us; we may (if not compelled to form a judgment quite the reverse) at least wish to suspend our opinion respecting it. In this imperfect state,

diffidence of our own judgment becomes every age; but how *unbecoming* must confidence, positiveness, and impatience of contradiction be in those who have neither years nor experience to support it!

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XV.

My dear Mamma,

I AM rejoiced to hear of poor Charlotte's recovery; and especially of the hopeful consequences of her illness. Pray give my love to her; for I am sure I should love her *now*. I can well remember my own sensations when I was ill three years ago, and when I discovered, by your looks, that you were uneasy about me. I thought that if I recovered I should never forget the impressions I then felt; but, oh, when health returned, how soon they wore off! When I am quite well, and busy and happy (as, indeed, I am very often), how difficult it is, to think religion of as much importance as it appears to be on a sick bed!

Well! the vacation is over; and we are all going on just as usual again. Considering my disappointment, the time passed as pleasantly as

I could expect. I saw more of Mrs. W. in those few weeks than during the whole previous half year; and I assure you I love her better than I ever did before.

I have been sitting a long time, with the pen in my hand, considering whether I should expose my vanity and folly, by confessing a little mortification I had the first week or two of the vacation; but as it did me a great deal of good, I think I must tell you. I mentioned in my last, that Miss Morrison was staying here with me; and, from what I then said, you would, perhaps, perceive that I fancied myself, in many things, very much her superior. Yes, mamma, I felt this so much, — so much more, indeed, than I was aware,—that I made no doubt Mrs. W. thought the same; and concluded, that she would value my company much the most; feel hers a kind of interruption; and address her conversation chiefly to me. But, instead of this, her attentions were so equally divided between us, that it would have been impossible for any body to guess which of us she preferred. I should not have regarded her bestowing even more *kindness* upon Miss Morrison, if she had but flattered me by engaging in conversation with me on subjects that would not have interested her. But as she did not, I concluded it was only from delicacy to Miss Morrison's feelings; and still hoped, that she would take some opportunity, when we were alone, to say as much. But, although there were

many opportunities, nothing of the kind was said, or hinted at.

Mrs. W. had several little jobs to be done during the vacation, in which she requested our assistance. This we both willingly gave: and nothing would have gratified me more than rendering myself useful to her. But, in almost every thing we undertook, Miss Morrison succeeded better than I. She did things more adroitly, and readily, notwithstanding my anxiety to do my best. Mrs. W., I saw, was pleased with her; especially as in all she did her manner was so obliging and attentive. At last, I thought of something in which I was pretty sure she could not rival me. It was Mrs. W.'s birthday; and I determined, foolish as I was, to write some verses on the occasion. I was nearly the whole day about it; and as soon as they were finished, I went to leave them in her closet, where she would find them in the evening. In the closet I found Miss Morrison, who showed me a large pile of Christmas bills, which she had been employed all day in casting up for Mrs. W.

At supper time, Mrs. W. came down, with a kind smile on her face, my verses in one hand, and these bills in the other. And first she thanked me, more than I deserved, for my address to her; and added, that "it was certainly very well for a first attempt." I cannot say this compliment quite equalled my expectations; especially as I knew it was by no means a *first attempt.* But

I was still less satisfied with myself when she said, turning to Miss Morrison, "My dear, I have examined several of these bills, and I find they are quite right; and I thank you: you have been very useful to me; you have saved me a great deal of time and trouble to-day." Indeed, mamma, I felt at that moment very much humbled; and I felt (what I believe Mrs. W. wished me to feel) that although a better education has certainly given me the advantage of Miss Morrison, in some respects, yet that in many useful qualities she quite as much surpasses me; and that there is by no means so great a difference between us as I vainly imagined. I have since thought less of myself, and better of her; and you cannot think how much easier and happier I have been since I gave up all thought of preeminence; and Mrs, W., I think, has been better pleased with me.

I was very glad, however, when the school reopened, and all my companions returned. Grace was among the first who arrived; and a happy meeting it was; for you may suppose how many things we had to say after six weeks' absence. We have two new scholars this half year. They are acquaintances that Jessy Cooke made in London, and very proud she is of them. It was in consequence of her recommendation, she says, that they are come to Mrs. W.'s. They have been at a high school in London, and are very

gay, dashing girls: and they seem to look down with contempt upon every thing and every body here. I am afraid, indeed, they cannot be much pleased with their new situation; for Mrs. W. is the last person in the world to pay any extra attention to young people on account of fortune, or fashion, or any thing of that kind: and, although they have learned a great many showy things, they are really not, as to information, equal to some of the youngest girls in our school. Poor Jessy pays such court to them! and at present is quite in favor; but how long it will last, time will show.

I hope I shall remember the advice Mrs. W. gave us on recommencing our pursuits. "There was," she said, "as we must perceive, a considerable difference in the degrees of progress we had severally made. And this difference," she begged us to observe, "was not always in proportion to our ages, nor to the time we had been in the school, nor even in proportion to our natural talents: since some of the younger ones had overtaken their seniors, and many of slower parts had got the start of those who appeared most quick and promising. How, then, was this to be accounted for? It all depended," she assured us, "upon the degree of our personal industry; and the pains each one took with *herself*. There could not be a greater mistake than expecting masters, and school-discipline, to do every thing

in education. They could do *very little indeed,* without individual energy and diligence. It was for want of this," she said, " that so many young people leave a school very little better, and in some respects much worse, than they entered it; and that so many parents are disappointed in their hopes. To expect an indolent, thoughtless, frivolous girl, to become cultivated and *intelligent,* by merely passing, for a few years, through the routine of even a well-conducted school, was as unreasonable, as to expect a machine to perform its functions without the moving spring. There were some," she said, " who seemed to take it for granted, that they were always to remain at the lower end of their class; and to be satisfied that it should be so. But, to be in this way contented with inferiority, she considered as one of the worst symptoms of a weak and indolent mind. She, therefore, urged each of us to make redoubled efforts, and to remember, that our welfare and respectability through life depend very greatly upon the habits we form, and the progress we make *now.*" Dear mother, believe me your ever affectionate daughter,

LAURA.

LETTER XVI.

My dear Laura,

Our friend Charlotte has but just left us; and, although we were all grieved to part, it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we reflected upon the circumstances of her visit, unpromising as they at first appeared. A sick chamber is not the place we should have chosen, wherein to spend the cheerful season to which we had been looking forward. But I hope we have all found "the house of mourning to be *better* than the house of mirth."

Kitty seems impressed by what she has witnessed: and I would hope it is more than the transient thoughtfulness, which scenes of sickness, and fears of approaching death, can scarcely fail to produce. At first, her mind was oppressed by a superstitious belief that Charlotte would not recover; which, as I afterwards found, originated with the gossip of the servants, to which she had unfortunately been exposed during my absence above stairs. One related divers omens, and presages of death, in the house; which were confirmed by a wonderful dream of another's. And, although poor Kitty would not allow herself seriously to listen to them, they produced insensibly an effect upon her spirits, and increased her apprehensions. Had the event proved such as we

had reason to fear, it would, probably, have operated still more powerfully; and might have occasioned us some trouble to convince her of the fallacy of these vulgar prognostics. How much more rational is it,—how much more pleasing to Him "in whose hands our times are,"—if, instead of regarding these unmeaning suggestions of ignorance, we were in the habit of contemplating those unquestionable presages of our mortality, presented to us by nature, by experience, and by the Holy Scriptures! There we are assured, that "it is appointed unto all men once to die." But as we know not at what hour we may receive the summons—whether "at noon, at midnight, or at the cock-crowing," it behooves us ever to "watch and be ready." Regardless of the winding-sheet and the death-watch, and the dream of superstition, let us listen to the operations of Time, who, as with a chisel, is heard every moment chipping off a portion of our short life in the ticking of the clock. To the slow funeral, and tolling bell, let us pay the most solemn attention; as *these* are monitors of our own mortality, whose warning voice admits of no mistake. May a well-founded hope of future happiness enable us all to contemplate such subjects without dismay!

When any considerable change takes place in the sentiments of a *young* person, even though that change be for the better, it is generally attended by some views that are erroneous or ex-

travagant. Charlotte came hither with a mind evidently prejudiced against us, or rather, against the religion we profess. We rejoice on our own account, as well as on hers, that she has been induced to change her opinion. But, in going from one extreme, she has approached another: and we have had some trouble to moderate and regulate her feelings. With the enthusiasm of her age, she would now estimate us as the standard of perfection; and, as the price of her approbation and good will, would require in others such an exact conformity to our manners and opinions, as it is, indeed, unreasonable to expect. Beneath our roof, almost exclusively, she imagines she could spend her days in tranquillity. The most trivial circumstances connected with us assume, in her estimation, something of importance. Among the many unhappy consequences to which such feelings tend, was the extreme pain with which she thought of quitting us. She also thought of the society of her aunt, with more distaste than even the want of congeniality in their present views would warrant: and anticipated her return home with feelings not entirely calculated to promote the happiness of either. We endeavored to convince her, that without the utmost circumspection, she might rather prejudice the cause of true religion than promote it: as many well-meaning persons do, by cherishing a zeal without prudence. We reminded her of the obli-

gations she was under to one, who had, at least, discharged her duty towards her according to her own notions of it; that even the pains she had taken in introducing her to the gay world with advantage, was, in her estimation, acquitting herself of one part of her trust; that, although too much immersed in the pleasures of the world, she still possessed many estimable qualities; and had many demands upon her niece's gratitude and affection. We represented to her the great importance of making it evident, that the new views she had received tended to render her *more* amiable and affectionate, and not *less* so. In avoiding sinful compliances, we entreated her to let it appear that it was always for conscience' sake, never from a spirit of perverseness or caprice. By such prudent and gentle conduct we encouraged her to hope, that, with the divine blessing, the happiest consequences might follow.

All this was said, and much more, before we could reduce Charlotte to that temper of mind in which we wished her to return home; although gratitude, and sincere affection for her aunt, aided us in pleading her cause. There is a degree of inflexibility in Charlotte's temper, which sometimes leads her into a spirit of argument and disputation not quite consistent with her years. I have witnessed a strong contest between these and other faults in her character, and those right and powerful principles by which, I trust, she is

sincerely influenced. How does Christianity refine and exalt the character! It is but a few months since all her pleasures were circumscribed within the narrow limits of twenty years; for, she said, she could not conceive of being happy after she had past her meridian; although numbers are eager in the pursuit of earthly happiness long after that period, of which she might have seen a striking instance in her poor aunt. But now (provided her impressions are real and permanent) every period, every condition, promises solid satisfaction. She can contemplate the time with cheerfulness, when every outward grace shall have faded; and even when she shall stand on the brink of Jordan, and be about to quit these mortal shores. She no longer views the short period of twenty, or forty, or seventy years, as the termination of her happiness. Her prospects extend beyond the ken of mortal eye: they are boundless as eternity.

I have not, you will be assured, my dear Laura, detailed the circumstances of this visit, to gratify an idle curiosity, but in the hope that you also may derive some improvement from the salutary lesson. In the meantime, I am very glad to find that you are receiving *other* lessons, of great importance to the formation of your character; although like this, and like most *salutary* lessons, not unattended with pain.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XVII.

My dearest Mother,

This is a fine spring morning: the air is as soft, and the sky as blue, as—what shall I say?—as the sky and air on a spring morning. It is still early; and I have been walking in the garden, which is now quite gay with snowdrops and crocuses, violets and primroses. My heart bounded with joy. I thought of home and of midsummer, as I always do when I am particularly happy; and, after taking a turn or two, hastened in to begin a letter to you, while I am in a mood for writing. There! the bell rings! so, good-by till evening, when I hope to be with you again.

Seven o'clock.—Now, my dear mamma, for a little chat with you! I forget what I was going to write about this morning; so must only tell you, that since you heard last we have raised a little contribution among ourselves for the Bible Society. This, I know, will please you; but you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear, that it was first proposed by those fine ladies, Jessy Cooke's friends, of whom I told you. They informed us how it used to be conducted in the school they have left; and inquired if we had not seen in the printed list, "Young ladies at Mrs.—— seminary *7l. 7s.*" It was soon agreed, that we should like very much to do something of the kind, if Mrs. W

had no objection. The ladies, however, advised, not to mention it to Mrs. W. till we had *organized* the society ourselves. We must form a committee, they said, and appoint a treasurer and a secretary; and it was determined, that we should call it "*The Juvenile Ladies' Branch Bible Association.*" This gave general satisfaction, and we were proceeding very eagerly to business, when Grace interrupted us, for a moment, by saying, "There is a pretty little girl who calls here sometimes with water-cresses. I saw her this morning, as I was crossing the hall, and asked her if she could read; she said, 'Yes:' I then asked her if she could read in the Bible; and she said, 'O, yes: she was a very good scholar, but she had not got a Bible, nor her mother either.'—Shall we give her one, then?" said Grace: "Will you"—(speaking to the elder of the sisters)—"will you be half the expense with me?" "I'll think of it," said she: "perhaps I may; though I don't know why I should, in particular: indeed, at present I have very little to spare; besides, we are just now talking of something quite different." "Not quite different, is it?" said Grace. "If our object is to give poor people Bibles, it is, you know, exactly the same thing: but if we are only wishing for the fun or the credit of having a '*Juvenile Ladies' Branch Bible Association*,' it is, certainly, as you say, *quite different.*" Little Phillis Parker jogged my elbow as Grace said this: but no other

notice was taken, I believe. They went on talking very fast about their plan, and Grace did not press it any further. I know, however, that the little girl had a new Bible given her the next time she called; and yet Grace was accused of want of zeal about the subscription. The next thing was a droll dispute between the two sisters concerning the offices of treasurer and secretary; they both preferring the former. Words ran pretty high; till one of the little ones ventured to come forward, and say, "She thought Miss Dacre deserved to be secretary, or treasurer, or something." Grace smiled, and said, "Thank you, my dear; I have no wish to be either." The ladies, however, thought it safest, I suppose, after that, to defer their dispute; and they said, both at once, "Well, at least, Miss Dacre, we must have you on the committee." Just at that instant Mrs. W. entered the room. She looked rather surprised, and said, "Committee! my dears, what committee?" The two London ladies, and Jessy, and one or two others, began immediately, and altogether, to explain the affair; and to request her permission and *patronage*. Mrs. W. quite approved of our design; but, she said, that as, if some one would undertake to receive the subscriptions, all the business would be done, she did not see the necessity for calling a committee, or for taking any further trouble about it. At that, although we had nothing to object, many

looked disappointed; and I really believe the whole affair would have dropped then, if Mrs. W. had not taken it up herself, and fixed a time for us to pay our subscriptions.

When the time came, the ladies who first proposed it were first applied to. They mentioned the sum they intended to subscribe, which was very handsome; and requested Mrs. W. to pay it, and their papa would settle it for them, as they could not then spare any thing from their own allowance. But Mrs. W. said she did not approve of receiving it so; she wished such affairs to be entirely voluntary. Those who thought they could not afford to contribute were at liberty to decline it, or to give as small a sum as they pleased. Our parents, she said, contributed, if they thought proper, for themselves; but this was *our* concern; and from our own private purses only she would receive it. Upon this, both the sisters eagerly assured Mrs. W. that they were sure their papa would not have the smallest possible objection; for he always particularly desired they should do every thing of the kind that was customary, but never expected them to give charity out of their allowance. And the younger said to me, in a scornful whisper, "Dear! as if such a trifle as that were any object to papa!"

Mrs. W., however, persisted in her refusal; and proceeded to receive our contributions, without applying to them again. She did not then

stay to explain herself further, and took no notice of the discontent which was very evident in some quarters: but on Sunday evening, when she always spends some time in conversation with us, she introduced the subject. She was speaking of the importance of self-examination, and said, "That if this exercise was needful when we are conscious of having done *wrong*, it was doubly so when we imagine that we have done *right:* because conscience will often do the work for us in the former case, but in the latter, it sometimes leaves us to gross self-deception. In these times," she said, "when it is so much the *fashion* to do good, there is so great danger of it, that we cannot be too watchful or too jealous of our motives. It was particularly on this account," she added, "that I objected, the other day, to receiving any subscriptions but from your own purses, that you might have an opportunity of ascertaining whether your zeal was genuine. If you were unwilling to deny yourselves some little gratification, for the sake of the good cause, you may be certain that it was *not* so. There are, indeed, many ways in which our sincerity may be put to the proof. Suppose, for instance, we know that a poor neighbor is without a Bible:—if that circumstance gives us no pain,—if we make no effort to furnish one, while, at the same time, we are very anxious for our names to appear in a public subscription, we can be at no uncertainty whether

our motives are good or bad. Let us never take credit to ourselves for that charity which costs us nothing, — no sacrifice of our own pleasure or convenience; much less for that by which we gain credit and applause. There cannot, therefore, in my opinion," said she, "be a more injudicious indulgence, than for parents to pay their children's charities. For the same reasons, it is always desirable to conduct concerns of this kind with as little noise and bustle as possible. You would have found some amusement, I dare say, in calling your committee, and giving yourselves a long name; and in an affair of a different nature, I might not have thought it worth while to spoil your pleasure: but we should never trifle in serious things; and it is of great consequence that we learn to distinguish between the *trifling* and the *real* in every thing; especially when there is any danger of mistaking childish parade for christian benevolence. In simply paying your contributions to me there was little fear of mistake. If you are conscious that you made the effort with a willing mind, it was doubtless an acceptable sacrifice to Him who 'loves a cheerful giver,' however small the gift.

"The active spirit of the present times," continued Mrs. W., "is, happily, not confined to men or women. Young people, and even children, are honored by being allowed to unite their efforts. But this, advantageous as it is, exposes

them to some peculiar temptations; against which they cannot too vigilantly watch and pray."

So much, mamma, for our Bible Society!—"How well it is," said Grace, "that views and motives cause no fluctuation in the value of money and Bibles!"

I must now only add, that I am your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER XVIII.

I AM never more forcibly reminded of my dear Laura than on a sabbath day, when I see so many young people enter their pews, and engage in the solemn acts of devotion to that Being who has promised to regard the young worshipper; who at the same moment is listening to the devout aspirations of multitudes, and I would hope, among the number, to those of my dear child also. Yet, I confess, there is an occasional sigh extorted from me, when I witness the nods, whispers, and significant looks, which are sometimes exchanged among them during the time of worship, when they can conveniently elude the eyes of others; forgetful of *that* Eye from which no vigilance can conceal them—*that* Presence to which they are now mak-

ing a more direct approach. When you went with your parents, and the multitude, "to keep a holy day," it was our constant aim to impress you with the solemnity of the sacred season; that in entering these earthly courts, you might consider them as no less than "the house of God, and the gate of heaven." We hope that no change of situation, or of society, has tended to erase those impressions from your mind.

When Solomon, at the dedication of the temple, had concluded his affecting prayer, then "the glory of the Lord filled the house:" but although no visible glory now appears to dazzle our senses, yet on those pious persons who approach His footstool in sincerity, He sheds a radiance still more benign; even by "lifting up upon them the light of his countenance:" and those who do not participate in these favors are informed of the reason of their being "sent empty away;"—they ask and receive not, because they ask amiss.

How delightful it would be, when we hear so many soft and melodious voices uniting in songs of praise, could we hope that their hearts were all in unison with the sweet melody! This, indeed, would be like "a little heaven below;" and would make us exclaim, "it is good for us to be here!"

There is little hope that those who are inattentive in the duties of prayer and praise should derive any essential benefit from the word preached: indeed, there is great reason to fear, that they

are proportionally remiss in their attention to it, not listening to the word of God, graciously communicated to us by a human instrument; nor regarding their minister as one devoted to their best interests: yet this is the case; and those who despise or disregard his instructions, grossly affront the majesty of Heaven, who has commissioned these His servants to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to all; and it is at our own peril that we neglect the message.

Cultivate then, my dear Laura, as you have ever been taught, a high esteem and veneration for all faithful ministers, "for their works' sake." Cherish a filial regard for them, as for your spiritual fathers; as those who provide for you, "not the meat which perisheth, but that which shall endure to eternal life." I know it is unnecessary to recommend our dear pastor to your affectionate respect; who watches over the children of his flock with paternal solicitude, and in whose remembrance, though far away, you still share a place.

I am glad Mrs. W. interfered, as she did, in your Bible subscription business. Perhaps, if that had succeeded, the next proposal would have been for one of you to make a speech on the occasion. The method she adopted was well calculated to evince in what motives the wish originated. The propagation of religion is the most important of all concerns; and in such a cause, I hope

your zeal will ever be lively and effective. But remember, that in proportion to our sense of the value of the Bible, our obligations arise to live, ourselves, under its influence. Even the Apostle Paul was anxious "lest while preaching to others, he himself should become a castaway." In estimating our religion by the number of Bibles we distribute, we should be little wiser than those who reckon their devotions by their beads. It would be very inconsistent if, while we are exerting ourselves with so much energy to render the sacred volume intelligible to foreign nations, we should suffer it to remain "a sealed book" to ourselves,—its divine truths unstudied, and never made the subject of prayer. There is, however, reason to fear, that it may have found access to distant climes by means of some whose minds it has never enlightened, whose lives have not been regulated by its precepts. While we are "breaking up the fallow ground" of heathen lands, sowing the good seed, planting the lily and the rose in some wilderness, it behooves us to be earnestly solicitous that our own soil does not lie uncultivated, overgrown with briars, thorns, and noxious weeds. It will eventually avail us but little indeed to have sent civilisation among savage tribes, ourselves remaining uncivilized,—if rugged tempers and imperious spirits are unsubdued, and if we appear destitute of that genuine refinement which adorns the christian character.

Let not those who are affording others "a light to their feet, and a lamp to their paths," be content themselves to grope in darkness; or to famish, while they are distributing so plentiful a feast. Here, eminently, is an instance in which "charity should begin at home;" though, when once begun, it will, assuredly, not *end* there.

We hope to gratify you occasionally by taking you, by and by, to witness some of the public transactions in this great cause; as they are animating and improving occasions. And yet, perhaps, our own domestic circle is better calculated to cherish those virtues which should adorn *your* sphere, than the attendance on public assemblies, whatever be their object. A lecture from your father's armed-chair may, probably, prove more beneficial to *you*, than the most eloquent harangue from any other chair, however illustriously filled.

The opening of the spring flowers has not failed to remind *me* of midsummer, as well as you, my dear girl! But it is still distant; and at present, let us be chiefly intent upon improving the precious interval.

Your Mother.

LETTER XIX.

My dear Mother,

If you could see how evenly our days pass, and with what order and regularity we live, notwithstanding our number and the many things to be attended to,—you would not be surprised that I should sometimes feel at a loss how to fill a letter. Do not suppose, however, that I feel this wearisome; not at all, I assure you. The less interruption there is in our employments, the more pleasant and interesting they become. Indolence, I think, brings its own punishment, sooner than almost any other fault. If I am careless and inattentive even for an hour or two, every occupation appears irksome; but all goes on pleasantly while I am taking pains and exerting myself.

Those who regard all their employments as tasks to be got over as easily as possible, with as much assistance as they can get, and who do no more than they are absolutely compelled to, find the days and weeks pass heavily enough. They are always complaining of school, sometimes even of Mrs. W., counting the days to the vacation, and longing for the time when they shall have done with school altogether: though I question if they will be much happier even then.

We have one tall girl here, who seems to view her pursuits in this way. Of course she has

made no great proficiency in any of them. Of this she is aware, and I think it mortifies her; and in order both to amuse herself, and to avoid sinking into contempt amongst us, she sets up for a wit, and makes it her business to laugh at every body indiscriminately; not only at her companions, but the masters, the teachers, Mrs. W. herself, and even, sometimes, at our good minister. It evidently gives her particular pleasure to be called *satirical;* although, as I have heard Grace observe, there is no real keenness in her ridicule—no true wit or humor. There is little Phillis Parker, who has certainly a great deal of wit, and can see what is really ludicrous as soon as any body, is very sparing of her remarks; and you never hear her laugh at any one merely for the sake of it. Our poor music-master is a constant butt for this lady's jokes, which, indeed, is very unfeeling, because he is in ill health, and looks unhappy. He has a large family to provide for, and very little employment; as there is another master in the neighborhood, who is said to teach in a more fashionable style; though Mrs. W. much prefers his style, and says he has more scientific knowledge, and much more true taste. He comes from several miles distance, twice a week; and by the time he has been with us an hour or two, he looks so fatigued and ill, and has, besides, such sad fits of coughing! Those who are fond of music, and take pains with their les-

sons, have no time, as you may suppose, even if they had inclination, to amuse themselves thus: but those who have no interest in it, and dislike the trouble, are glad of the diversion of laughing at their master. I never saw Grace very angry but once, when some of them were giggling behind his chair, so loud that he must have heard it. She turned, and gave them such a look, that for once, I believe, they did feel ashamed. Grace, who is his best scholar, uniformly treats him with attention and respect, of which I am sure he is sensible.

When first I came to school, I was in great danger of acquiring that silly habit of laughing at every thing, and every body, which, I believe, is almost universal among the commoner sort of school girls: but I see now, as you, I remember, told me in one of your letters, that instead of its being, as they imagine, a sign of *cleverness*, it proceeds from vacancy and idleness more than any thing else; and sometimes from envy and ill-nature. Mrs. W., too, has represented this fault as so contemptible, that I am now ashamed of it.

I received your last letter very opportunely, on a Sunday morning; and I hope it produced some good effect, at least for that day. Yes, my dear mother, there are, indeed, temptations here to levity and carelessness; and I feel them as much as any one can. It seems as though such crowds of vain thoughts never occurred to me, as when I am in a place of worship, when it appears easier

to fix my mind on any trifle, than on what ought to engage it. I am sure the minister takes great pains to gain our attention, and impress our minds. His eye is frequently directed towards us; and often, I am afraid, he must be grieved by our inattentive appearance.

I hope I am in some degree aware how important it is to acquire habits of attention and command of the thoughts, now, while habits either good or bad are so easily formed. I remember hearing Mrs. W. say, that she knew no symptom more hopeful in a young person's mind, than the habit of resolutely resisting vain and improper thoughts the moment they were presented. There was nothing good she should not expect from such a character; nor any thing bad that might not be feared for one who was in the habit of indulging them. I was struck, at the time, with the remark; and it has often since occurred to me, just in time to save me from the danger. There is a great difference between the moment in which a foolish thought first presents itself, and the next, in which it must be either dismissed or admitted. This, Mrs. W. says, is the turning point of temptation, —the moment when strength of mind is every thing. It is quite a deception, as I have myself found, to think of indulging an idle thought only for a short time; if the effort is not made *at first*, all is over; one vain idea leads to another, and another; and so time is wasted, and the mind injured.

We are expecting, every day, the arrival of a niece of Mrs. W.; a young lady whom she educated, and who lived here till within the last two years. I believe she is now coming to assist in the school. She is about a year older than Grace, who was here some time before she left; and they were then very intimate. Indeed, I believe, till I came, she was Grace's *most* intimate friend. I am very impatient to see her. Farewell, dear mamma.

Your affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER XX.

My dear Laura,

As you have found it necessary to set a guard upon your thoughts, I hope you are also aware of the importance of bridling "that unruly member," which "as no man can tame," so surely no *woman* can be too careful to restrain. At a female seminary, where so many triflers, at a trifling age, are assembled, great watchfulness, in this respect, must be needful. I was once present in a young party (when I myself was young) where unrestrained license had been given to our loquacity. After awhile, one of the company, more silent

than tne rest, drew out her pencil, and wrote down, unobserved, the heterogeneous conversation. This paper she afterwards read to us, and, certainly, each appeared ashamed of her own part. This, though only done in playfulness, might afford a useful hint to every one present; the young lady herself, and other young ladies not excepted.

Those who accustom themselves to contemplate the human character, especially with a view to their *own*, will observe and lament the frivolity of mind which characterises a large proportion of society. The levities of youth are, indeed, sometimes cured by age and experience. Yet they too frequently prove ineffectual; and the frivolous character, as she advances in life, after affording a theme for ridicule, becomes, at length, an object only of pity.

Should an intelligent creature be a trifler? It was for no trifling purpose that we were called into existence, and placed in a scene of action and accountability; a state on which the most momentous consequences depend.

Whether or not we contribute to the welfare and happiness of our immediate connexions, who depend upon us for both, in a thousand ways, is no *trifle*. To encounter the vicissitudes of life, to deal with the variety of characters we meet with, to engage in the important service demanded of us, to be prepared for the unexpected ca-

lamities to which human nature is subject, are no *trifles*. Above all, to be ready against that unknown hour, when Death shall demand us, is no *trifle*. Those, then, who indulge a frivolous temper, are ill prepared for their journey; and still less for their journey's end.

Know, therefore, my Laura, that your approaching entrance into life, for which we are so solicitous to prepare you, is no frivolous concern, but serious and important in every point of view. We are training you to live, not only in this world, but in another: and as the same duties as ours may one day devolve on you, we are endeavoring to prepare you for so arduous a work.

Yet, do not mistake me: I would not spread a gloom over the spring of life, nor wish you to assume a gravity unsuitable to your age. The playful vivacity of youth is ever pleasing, because it is natural; and may be indulged without incurring the censure of frivolity. I say this to caution you against extremes, as it sometimes happens, that those who are disgusted with the levity of their companions, assume an air and demeanor inconsistent with their years, and which is more calculated to excite dislike than respect. So difficult is it to observe a wise medium; so apt are the young, especially, whatever habits, or notions, or manners they adopt, to carry them to excess, and to suffer those views to be injurious, which are calculated to be beneficial to the character.

I would hope, however, that under the mistaken idea of its being only innocent vivacity, you will never allow yourself to join in any conversation which reason and conscience would tell you is improper, or tending to impropriety: but either endeavor to give it a better turn, or else withdraw from the contagion. It would have a very salutary effect upon conversation, could these two opposite but connected texts be continually kept in view: "Every idle word that men speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."—"To those who speak often one to another (on divine subjects) the Lord hearkens and hears, and a book of remembrance is written."

We hope shortly, my dear child, by taking such sweet counsel together with you, to add to the records of that book, to our own everlasting advantage and yours.

At a time when you are called to pay some attention to the acquirement of external advantages, it is necessary for you continually to recollect, of how little real advantage a graceful carriage and pleasing address will be to you, unless the internal graces are still more carefully cultivated. The other day, I observed a servant cleaning some plate with a red powder: and on inquiring what it was, was answered, "It is a coarse rouge, ma'am, like that the ladies paint their faces with." I felt mortified at receiving this information from such a

quarter, obtained doubtless from some lady's maid. I would hope that among *respectable* society, there are, comparatively, few who indulge in such a contemptible practice; yet, are there not many in all classes of society, who, by substituting *external*, appearances for *internal* worth, act as disingenuous a part, as the vain woman who attempts to conceal a faded face, or a bad complexion, under the borrowed tints of the lily and the rose? A haggard figure appearing in her native deformity, who had before been admired for the symmetry of her form, and the delicacy of her complexion, would excite disgust in proportion to the degree of deceit she had practised. The most effectual way of obtaining the approbation of our fellow creatures, and the *only* way to insure that of our own conscience and of God, is to *be* what we wish others to think us: and the reality is generally as attainable as its counterfeit. There is this essential difference between the body and the mind—that, little can be effected by all the labors of art bestowed on the former; indeed, inordinate pains often defeat their own end, nor can the most effective efforts be crowned with permanent success; the labors of to-day will be imperceptibly undermined by the operations of time to-morrow: but our intellectual nature is so constituted, that they who labor on *that* soil shall certainly reap, some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred fold, according to their capacities and

opportunities for improvement. Time, who is hostile to all material things, and equally friendly to mental progress, accelerates and carries on his operations, in both cases, to the borders of another world.

Notwithstanding, however, all that can be argued on the subject, there will ever remain numberless votaries of the *present* moment; and to such, surely, that advice should be acceptable which promises to aid their wishes. Let them know, then, that the best method to preserve a good complexion, is to be careful of health. This care might be promoted, by such a general knowledge of the structure of the human frame, as every one should possess; and with which, by judicious reading, they ought to be furnished. They would thus be taught, that a life of indolence is totally incompatible with their object. That daily exercise is as essentially necessary as daily food or nightly repose; and that habitual placidity of temper will produce the happiest effects on the countenance. These means will prolong beauty where it exists; and where it does not, they will afford a pleasing substitute. Nothing can be more destructive of personal graces than a life of dissipation: they are injured by it beyond all the power of rouge, all the inventions of vanity to repair. If, in the ball-room, personal charms appear in all their brilliancy, it is there also that they are undermined. Nature languishes and suffers premature decay, under

the wear and tear of a life of pleasure, and Time is accelerated in his speed. The bodily powers and mental faculties trip it down hand in hand, till they arrive at the bottom of the dance; the music ceases; they quit the glittering scene; and sally forth into the gloom of night.

Your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XXI.

Do you know, my dear mother, since I last wrote to you I have been very unhappy, and, I am afraid, very unreasonable; and so, as usual, it was my own fault. I think I mentioned to you, that we were expecting Mrs. W.'s niece: and she came soon after I sent my letter. Grace and I were sitting together, when we heard the chaise stop at the door. She started up, and was hastening out to receive her; but recollecting that Mrs. W. might prefer meeting her niece alone, she returned, looking agitated, which, for her, is very unusual. In a few moments I heard a sweet voice, saying, "Where is Grace?" Immediately the door opened, and the most lovely, interesting looking girl I ever beheld, flew into Grace's arms. I saw, in an instant, how dearly they loved each other;

and how much more deserving she was of Grace's friendship than I could be. And, instead of sympathizing in her pleasure (as I certainly should have done, if my friendship had been as disinterested as I imagined) I felt jealous and miserable. They exchanged but few words then, as she was soon called away by Mrs. W. but they were words of which I well understood the meaning. I left the room at the same instant; for I could not venture to stay and speak to Grace, as the tears were in my eyes; and I should have been ashamed for her to see it. I therefore ran up stairs to my own room, to recover myself; but had not been there long, before I saw them go, arm in arm, into the garden; where they walked up and down a long time, in earnest conversation: while I stood alone, watching them, and feeling so forlorn! I was mortified, too, that the other girls should see (as I was sure they soon would) Grace's preference for another friend: by which I was justly punished, for the silly pride I had taken in their witnessing our intimacy.

The next time Grace and I met, instead of any distance or indifference in her manner, such as I had anticipated, she appeared exactly the same as ever: but she began at once to speak of her friend; and said, she wished I was going to stay another half-year, that I might know and love her as well as she did. To that I was silly enough to reply, "No, Grace, it is much better

that I am going—I should only be an intruder." At this, she looked at me, for a moment, with surprise; and then said, with a smile, "Is this Laura, or *Jessy*?" I felt that I deserved this; but still, to justify myself, I said, "Don't suppose, Grace, that I am so unreasonable as to complain of your loving another friend so much better than me: I only thought it would have been more candid if you had told me so before: I thought I might have deserved that confidence." "What confidence, Laura?" said she; "I have told you, many times, that Miss W. was my friend, and that I loved her sincerely: this is all I had to say about it: who told you that I loved her 'so much better' than you?" "Nay," I said, "I needed not for any one to tell me *that;* for that I was sure it must be so, as she was so much my superior." "Really, Laura," said Grace, "you must have made good use of your opportunity of judging of Miss W.'s character, to know so much about her already. However, I confess there is one respect in which she *is* your superior: for when we were walking in the garden just now, we were talking about you the greatest part of the time; and I was telling her how much I had enjoyed your friendship: at which, instead of appearing at all displeased, she seemed truly rejoiced; and said, how glad she was that I had found such a friend." I scarcely know whether this reproof was most kind or severe: I could only

answer it by my tears; and at last, by entreating Grace to forgive my unreasonableness. Since then, she has taken care, by her unaltered manner, and constant affection, to convince me that my fears were groundless: and when she and Miss W. are together, they generally invite me to join them, which is very kind: and as for Miss W. the more I see of her, the more I must admire her. But still, I sometimes distress myself with thinking, that Grace does this more from her kind consideration of my feelings, than from inclination: and there again I am punished for my jealousy; for if I had not betrayed it, there could have been no room for such a suspicion.

Mrs. W. knew nothing about it till the other day, when, happening to meet her alone, she looked at me and said, "What are you thinking about, Laura? You look uncomfortable." The thing was, that I had just happened to find Grace and Miss W. in private conversation; and observed that they changed the subject as soon as I appeared, so that I knew I had interrupted them, and therefore withdrew immediately: this was all; but I suppose I looked a little disconcerted, though I was not conscious of it. Instead of answering Mrs. W.'s question, however, I burst into tears. She inquired the cause very kindly; and as soon as I could, I told her all—all that I had felt about Grace and Miss W. She thanked me for speaking so unreservedly to her; and said

she was glad I had done so, as it afforded her an opportunity of giving me advice, which might save me a great deal of pain in future, if I attended to it. "My dear," said she, "I would fain convince you, that these little jealousies, very common in youthful friendships, defeat their own purpose so entirely, that it is much wiser never to indulge them. Suppose now, that when my niece came, you had not admitted a thought of this kind; but knowing Grace's attachment to her, had cordially rejoiced in it, as you would have done if any thing else had occurred to give her equal pleasure. Suppose, that when they were inclined to converse together, you had left them to do so with open good nature and cheerfulness; confiding, as you have reason to do, in their friendship: would not the consequence have been, that instead of fearing to give you uneasiness by every attention she pays to her friend, she would have admired your disinterestedness and good nature, and have loved you just so much the more? Laura," she added, "there is no way of being loved, but by being amiable; but when we begin to complain and fret, because we are not loved well enough, we cease to appear amiable, and become troublesome. Besides, of this we may assure ourselves, that, although there may be particular cases in which our conduct is mistaken, or our characters not understood, yet, upon the whole, our friends (those I mean who *really know*

us) love us as well as we *deserve*. Character will, in time, find its proper level in the estimation of others; and with this *just* measure of esteem, (though it may fall below what our affection or our vanity would demand) it is eminently the part of humility and of good sense to be contented."

I felt the truth of all this, and from that time I resolved to subdue my jealousy; and I have in a great degree succeeded. Dear Grace, certainly, has done every thing on her part to remove it. She is to remain with Mrs. W. one more half year; and I think I shall soon be able to say, that I am not only not *sorry*, but positively *glad* that she will have a friend with her when I am gone.

You see, dear mamma, that I tell you all my faults;—no, though I don't mean *all*, but some of them. Indeed, if I were not to write about what is uppermost in my mind, mine would be such stiff, formal epistles, that you would not like them at all: besides, if I were to appear without a great many faults, I know you would never believe me to be your own daughter,

LAURA.

LETTER XXII.

Could I behold my dear daughter, surrounded by the gay group of her associates, many an interesting and anxious reflection would be excited in my mind, both on her behalf and theirs.

To contemplate a number of intelligent creatures rising into life, creates pleasing expectations. We long to see their mental faculties keep pace with their growing stature, that they may become valuable acquisitions to society, which now looks towards them with just and important claims.

Many of them, fresh and vigorous, are commencing what affords promise of a long journey: may they choose the right path, (the path of wisdom) and pursue a steady pace, without swerving to the right hand or to the left! Such are our fond hopes; but experience allays them with fears, while we see many a one making hasty advances towards maturity, without a proportionate progress in wisdom and virtue.

On the other hand, the delicate form of some of the train would excite apprehensions that their journey will be short; that "the wind will pass over them and they will be gone." Many a tale of wo proclaims it possible, that "a flower may fade before 't is noon." Youth then, interesting youth, inspires us, alternately, with hope and fear;

and justifies the salutary admonition, to "remember their Creator" during that advantageous season.

I should perceive some amid the sprightly train on whom nature has been lavish of her gifts: "daughters like polished stones, polished according to the similitude of a palace." Can any one behold so many fair forms without emotions of delight? How unwilling are we to suppose, that the face is not an index to the heart!—That humility, meekness, kindness, modesty,—every virtue, and every grace, has not there its abode, to increase in glory and beauty, when "the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved," and fall into ruins!

How is the eye dazzled by the gaiety of the group! All the tints of the rainbow are put in requisition, in compliance with the caprices of fancy, or the suggestions of taste. We perceive, perhaps, here and there, one, who, by the simplicity of her attire, excites a hope that she is cultivating those internal graces, on which he who regards not the outward appearance looks with complacency: who, like "the king's daughter," we may hope, "is all glorious *within*;—her clothing is of wrought gold."

Some of your number have the gifts of fortune, are born to higher expectations than the rest, and may, therefore, become more extensive blessings to society. May such "know how to abound!"

that is, how to use those talents which Providence may intrust to their disposal: not supposing that wealth is bestowed for the mere purpose of procuring the luxuries and splendors of life: nor forgetting that it cannot purchase peace of mind, or health of body; much less bribe the king of terrors, or give a ransom for the soul.

Of the individuals composing this young assemblage, we can judge no further than as external appearances may indicate. Their future characters or destinations in life are concealed from our view. This only we know, that the human race is "born to trouble:" we, therefore, infer, that each one, however joyous now, will have a portion of what all are heirs to: that each will have to struggle, in a greater or less degree, with the vicissitudes and trials of life.

Some may be called to important services, and more conspicuous stations: how well they will acquit themselves, and what figures they may make in the society to which they belong, who can foresee? While it will be the lot of most (no unenviable one) to pass through the vale of life comparatively unobserved, exciting little notice but in their own narrow circle.

But however diversified the circumstances of these individuals may be, in one thing they are alike. Time carries on his operations with impartiality: he maintains a steady pace, with his hours, and days, and months, and years. We

can scarcely now realize the idea of such sprightly forms bending under decrepit age, and being so metamorphosed by his irresistible hand. Humanity would weep over the ruins of nature, did not a cheering voice from Heaven revive our hopes, and bid us look to another period, when "this mortal shall have put on immortality;" when this now pleasing form, however fallen to decay, shall be renovated, and rise from the dust infinitely improved, and glorious beyond our conception. But remember, "this strong consolation" belongs only to those, "who have fled for refuge, to lay hold of the hope set before them in the Gospel." If this were, happily, the case with all of you, then, as you now enter the gates of His earthly courts on the sabbath, so, one after another, you would enter the portals of His temple above; each of you, in due time, "appearing before God in Zion;" not one missing; a lovely train, clothed in the white and spotless robes of your Redeemer's righteousness. But if it be true, that "strait is the gate, and narrow the way that leadeth to life," and "that they are few who find it," there is cause for each of you to fear, lest *you* should not be among that few; lest "the cares of the world, or the deceitfulness of riches," or the thousand temptations that beset your path, should turn you aside into the broad, frequented road that "leads to destruction."

Therefore it is, my Laura, that I so frequently

recall your attention to these great realities; in comparison with which, our most favorite and laudable pursuits are "less than nothing, and vanity." That you should become a proficient in the school where you are placed is, indeed, desirable; but it is in the school of Christ, sitting at His feet, and learning of Him, that we are most anxious to see you. You were dedicated to Him in infancy: you have been directed to Him in childhood: devote your youth to Him also. It will be "a sacrifice of a sweet savor," which He will graciously accept: and then, whatever may befall you in this world, be assured, that He will guide you here by his counsel, and afterwards receive you to glory. That this may be the happiness of yourself, and of all your dear associates, is the earnest prayer of their sincere friend, and

your affectionate Mother.

LETTER XXIII.

Once more, my dear mother, and perhaps only once more before we meet, I sit down to address you. It is with a strange variety of sensations—some pleasing, some painful, some quite indescribable—that I think of my return.

I cannot help looking back with regret, to the time when I first entered Mrs. W.'s house; comparing it with that, so fast approaching, when I expect to quit it. Then, all the advantage, all the pleasure were *to come;* now, all is *past;* this pleasant and important portion of my life gone by forever! and it is now too late to wish that it had been better improved.

Upon looking at the past year, I find that I have no *painful* recollections but such as arise from my *faults*. It is not the application, the confinement, the privation, that either occasioned uneasiness at the time, or upon reflection; but, on the contrary, from these I have ever derived, and do still, my chief satisfaction. But that I have often been remiss and negligent in my business, and wrong in my temper and conduct, it is this that gives me pain to reflect upon. If the time were to come over again, how differently, in some respects, I should act! I long to assure all those who are now going to school, from my own experience, that the only way to be happy there, and really happy when they leave it, is, *to improve their opportunities*. How far I have done so, you will soon be able to judge. But, although I hope you will not be greatly disappointed in this respect, yet I am very certain that I might have done more and better than I have.

I am obliged to refer to the pleasure of going home, whenever the thought of parting with my

dear friends here occurs to me—with Grace and Mrs. W. especially, and, indeed, all my companions; for there is not one of them that it will not pain me to part with: the very idea of it makes me like them better than I thought I did. And even the house, the school-room, the pleasant garden, where I have spent so many happy hours, I dread looking at for the last time. As for Grace, I cannot think what I should do, if it were not for the hope, that before a great while we shall see each other again. She has repeatedly said, that she hopes you will allow me to visit her when she leaves school; and Mrs. W. says, she thinks you will, because she believes you would wish our friendship to continue. I also venture to hope, that I shall one day have another pleasure, and it is the greatest I can think of:—I mean that of introducing Grace to you, if you should approve of my inviting her. We are to correspond, if you have no objection. I must tell you that my jealous fit is quite over.

Do you know, the two sisters from town were so good natured as to ask me to visit them; but although I should like, exceedingly, to see London, I am not quite sure that you would wish me to cultivate their acquaintance: besides, I would rather go to visit Grace in the deserts of Arabia, than see all the curiosities of London and Westminster.

I 'll tell you something that made me melan-

choly for a little while. Last week, a lady called on Mrs. W., as she was passing through the town, who had been one of her scholars several years ago. She is now a grave married woman, and had two fine, rosy, little boys with her. Mrs. W. was very much pleased to see her, and so was she to see Mrs. W. While she was here, she came into the school-room, where we all were; and stood, for some time, looking round at every object with great attention. "It seems but yesterday," she said, "since I was here, a lively, happy school-girl, such as these. Do you remember, Mrs. W., what a wild thing I used to be? Altered now, you see! Ah, they were pleasant days! though I did not then know it. Young ladies," said she (speaking to us), "this is your happy time: enjoy it and improve it. A few years ago, I was, like you, looking forward to life very sanguinely; but now that I know a little better what it is, I can assure you you must not expect happier days than these."

She then inquired of Mrs. W. about several of her old school fellows; and heard of some that were dead, others who had fallen into misfortunes, and of some who were settled in distant places. There was one she seemed particularly interested about: but Mrs. W. only remembered to have heard, that she married years ago, and went abroad. "Poor Mary!" said the lady. "Do you remember what friends we were, Mrs. W.?

We used to say, you know, that nothing should ever dissolve our friendship. We corresponded for some time after we left school; but it fell off at last:—I think it dropped with her—mine, I believe, was the last letter. She was, like me, I suppose, engrossed by her own affairs. Such is life, you see!" Here Grace and I looked at each other.

She next walked round the garden and playground, and kindly invited us to accompany her. "Ah, the old poplars," said she, "waving their tops in the blue sky the same as ever!—and yet I thought they had been taller! How this place recalls old days, and old sensations! Every tree, every shrub, seems familiar: I could fancy myself young again." Then she seemed lost in thought, till her two little boys came running towards her, and recalled her recollections. When she had thus visited every spot, looking even at the walls and pales, as old acquaintances, she took leave. Afterwards, Grace and I, and Miss W., had a long, interesting conversation, about life, and hope, and friendship: you might have imagined it was *Imlac*, and *Rasselas*, and the Princess *Nekayah*. But, although we made so many sage remarks, and came to such sober conclusions, I cannot help hoping, especially when I am in high spirits, that I shall be rather more fortunate; and in spite of philosophy, my heart will sometimes glow and leap at the fair prospect of youth and life that seems to

lie before me. Some people say it is a miserable world; and so I suppose it is: but when I look round upon the woods and fields, and hills and trees,—at the blue sky and cheerful sunshine;—when I hear the birds singing, and the waters flowing, and feel my own heart bounding with youth and joy,—I must say, it seems to me a very pleasant world indeed!

Well, dear mother, I am now coming home, to see a little more of it than I have done yet. And, notwithstanding all this rambling, I am seriously convinced that my real happiness there, as well as here, must depend upon my own conduct. I rejoice to think that my education is not to be at an end when I leave school: sad, indeed, would it be for me, if I were to make no farther improvement, especially in those things that are really important. Mrs. W. says, it is a great pity when leaving school is considered as a release from mental exertion. It ought rather, she says, to be regarded as the time for making renewed efforts: since it must then, in a greater degree than ever, depend upon *ourselves* whether we sink into trifling, ordinary characters, or rise to respectability and usefulness. By renewed effort, and continued exertion at home, she does not mean merely sitting down to the instrument, or drawing-lesson, for an hour or two of a morning; but that we should use every means for cultivating and strengthening our minds; and for growing in wisdom and virtue—in

grace and holiness; so as to become useful and happy.

I hope at least, my dear father and mother, you will not have cause to repent the trouble and expense you have bestowed upon me. Now, that I am coming to be your inmate again, it is my desire to do every thing in my power to make you comfortable, and repay your kindness;—*that*, though, I can never do; I mean, rather, to show that I am sensible of it.

Mrs. W. says, and I hope to remember it, that the order, comfort, and happiness of a family very greatly depend upon the temper and conduct of the younger members of it, when they cease to be children; and that she has seen the declining years of some kind parents completely imbittered by the the pride, self-will, and inconsiderate conduct of their young people. She says, also, that when a young lady returns home, if she is not so good a *daughter* as she was before, whatever acquisitions she may have made at school, *she had better never have been there.*

In hope of a joyful meeting very soon, I remain your dutiful and affectionate

LAURA.

LETTER XXIV.

My dear Child,

It might scarcely seem necessary that I should send you a long epistle, just on the eve of your return home. But as it is a very important period to you, and a very interesting and anxious one to me, you will not be surprised that I should wish to improve this last opportunity of admonishing you by letter.

You are about to leave school, and to part with her who has supplied a mother's place; who has had the care both of your body and mind: and the manner in which she has acquitted herself demands your lasting gratitude. A proper expression of it will be gratifying to her feelings: let it be such as will at once do credit to hers and to yours.

You are also to part with your young companions: from some, with whom you have commenced a friendship that promises to be lasting and advantageous, because it seems to be founded on esteem. I should, indeed, generally, be very cautious in permitting your continued intercourse with them; because it is not sufficient that I should be satisfied respecting the young people themselves; I must know, also, something of

their connexions, before I could either admit them here, or trust you under the roof of a stranger. As to your friend Grace, I should feel but few scruples; the character and conduct of a young person is no very dubious criterion of those of her connexions. Yet, in a case so important, something more than conjecture is necessary; and this is supplied by Mrs. W.'s recommendation: so that you may set your heart at rest on that subject, and indulge the hope of occasional intercourse with your excellent young friend.

While I am upon this subject, I may observe, that the first visit of a young lady, on her introduction into life, is of more importance than some people seem to be aware of. Inexperienced, giddy, and elated by the novelty of her situation, she frequently, by the levity of her conduct, and her childish imprudences, produces an unfavorable impression upon her friends, which may require years of subsequent prudence and regularity to erase. Also, if great caution is not observed in the choice of her acquaintance, she is in danger, from a propensity to imitation, of imbibing false principles, and of acquiring bad habits, which cannot be unlearned again at home without much pain and difficulty. Indeed, there are so many snares besetting her in this situation, that it is well if she be not entangled in some of them. She is, perhaps, introduced to a variety of strangers; with some of whom she may form hasty

intimacies, which afterwards prove undesirable. The efforts which are frequently made to amuse and entertain a visiter operate unfavorably, by dissipating the mind, and producing a disrelish for the sober occupations of home. She is more likely to be flattered for her imaginary excellences, than to be told of her real faults: and the natural consequence of all this is, that her parents, brothers, and sisters, appear to disadvantage, as they cannot, exclusively, devote themselves to her convenience and pleasure. She forgets, that were she to become an inmate, instead of an occasional visiter, she would cease to experience those attentions by which she is now distinguished; and that she would soon have to partake the regular avocations of the rest of the family. To see people as they are, it is necessary to live with them; and by so doing, we should frequently discover, that our first-sight favorites are not so much more excellent than our old friends, as a temporary residence with them had inclined us to suppose. This is a digression; but it may serve at once to moderate your expectations, and to afford a useful hint, whenever such a circumstance as a visit among new friends may take place.

But you are returning *home*. It is a comprehensive word, my dear Laura: upon your right estimation of its value greatly depends your future happiness. It is chiefly *there* that the lustre

of the female character is discernible; because *home* is its proper sphere. *Men* have much to do with the world without; *our* field of action is circumscribed; yet, to confine ourselves within its humble bounds, and to discharge our duties there, may produce effects equally beneficial and extensive with their wider range. It is no mean art to be able to govern well; and those who have proved most successful in the attainment, are generally such as have themselves submitted to be governed. It is the mistake of some young people returning from school, that they think themselves qualified immediately to take the command; and it is a yet greater mistake in those mothers who submit to it. As well might "a house be broken down, and without walls," as to be left to the guidance of such a manager. She might not, indeed, like her infant brothers and sisters, fall into the fire, or into the water,—throw down the china, or cut herself with knives and scissors; but she may, by her exploits, do what is quite as mischievous in its consequences, though less instantaneous in its effects. But you, my dear Laura, have been trained from your childhood in habits of proper subordination: and I should deem such observations altogether superfluous, were it not sometimes seen, that young persons at this period undergo a sudden revolution; and from the engaging, meek, and tractable child, start, all at once, into the pert, self-willed young lady. I

must say, however, that the spirit in which your letters appear to be written, leaves me little to fear on this subject.

You are returning home,—I was going to say, not for the purpose of enjoying yourself, and taking your pleasure; but, to a well-regulated mind, the daily routine of duty is enjoyment; to live a life of usefulness, is a perpetual pleasure. Nor does affluence itself, where it is enjoyed, exempt from this obligation: it rather enhances it. Those who suppose otherwise, totally mistake the purpose for which it is bestowed; and deprive themselves of the principal satisfaction it is intended to produce. Besides, they are unprepared for adversity; unfit to cope with the deprivations to which they are exposed, who hold their worldly possessions, as well as the breath of life, by an uncertain tenure. No legal process can so ensure our estates, or secure them from accident, as to render them certainly unalienable; or prevent our "riches from taking wings and flying away." We may contemplate with pleasure the prospect of your establishment in the world, in the same circumstances of comfort which have attended you hitherto. But we do not forget, that it is the *world* into which we are sending you: and however well equipped you may be for your journey, we cannot foresee what may befall you in the course of it. And whatever be your future circumstances, habits of activity and economy

will prove beneficial, and will be no disparagement to any station you may fill. If such had not been *our* habits, perhaps you might have lacked many advantages which you enjoy at the present moment; and your future prospects might have been clouded in the same degree.

Through the kindness of Providence, you are returning to a comfortable home: but remember, it is not a *paradise*. Your parents have their trials to harass their spirits, and ruffle their tempers, as well as others: and in proportion to your filial affection, you will participate in them; and by the tender sympathy of your deportment, manifest that in all our afflictions *you* are afflicted. Indeed, my dear, there can be no temporal alleviation of our sorrows, equal to that which arises from this source: the cordials administered by the tender hands of affectionate children possess the happiest efficacy. If some young persons were aware of this, surely they would be more frequent in the application of them.

O, my dear Laura, what a blessing you may prove to us! especially to me, your *mother*. Shall I find in my beloved child, as she rises to maturity, the confidential friend, with whom I may take sweet counsel; and on whose bosom, as she once did on mine, I may repose all my cares?—One, who will be indulgent to my infirmities, attentive to my wants, and who will plant the vale of life,

into which I am gradually descending, with many a flower, such as she can gather, here and there, from the wilderness around? What a delightful sight it is (and surely a natural one) when a mother and daughter dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment, which descended down the vestments of Aaron, and exhaled a fragrant odor all around.

Well, you are returning to your father's house: and this, in a higher sense, may, I trust, be said of us. The world is the great school wherein we are each receiving our education: and the prosperity and adversity which we experience are the means whereby the great Governor trains us for a maturer state. When "He visits our transgressions with the rod, and our iniquities with stripes," it is for our final benefit: for "He does not willingly afflict the children of men." When He smiles upon us by His providence, when He intrusts us with various talents, it is to prove us, whether we will use them for His glory and the good of our fellow creatures. Otherwise He may deprive us of them entirely; or, what is worse, continue them without His blessing; and desist from fatherly correction, saying, "Why should they be smitten any more? — they will yet revolt."

We have a task assigned us; and the day of our dismission from it, although to us unknown,

is immutably fixed by Him, who has "the keys of death." May divine grace so prepare our dear Laura, that when she is summoned *home* by her *heavenly* Father, she may obey the call without reluctance; and earnestly longing, as she now is, to return to the abode of her earthly parent, may she then feel a still greater "desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better!

Your affectionate Mother.

ORIGINAL POEMS

FOR

INFANT MINDS.

BY

THE TAYLOR FAMILY.

"In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last."—*Watts.*

If a hearty affection for that interesting little race, the race of children, is any recommendation, the writers of the following pages are well recommended; and if to have studied in some degree their capacities, habits, and wants, with a wish to adapt these simple verses to their real comprehensions and probable improvement—if this has any further claim to the indulgence of the public, it is the last and only one they attempt to make. The deficiency of the compositions as poetry, is by no means a secret to their authors; but it was thought desirable to abridge every poetic freedom and figure, and even every long-syllabled word, which might give, perhaps, a false idea to their little readers, or at least make a chasm in the chain of conception. Images, which to us are so familiar that we forget their imagery, are terrible stumbling-blocks to children, who have none but literal ideas; and though it may be allowable to introduce a simple kind, which a little maternal attention will easily explain, and which may tend to excite a taste for natural and poetic beauty, every thing superfluous it has been a primary endeavor to avoid.

To those parents into whose hands this little volume shall happen to fall, it is very respectfully inscribed; and, very affectionately, to that interesting little race—the race of children.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

The moon rises bright in the east,
  The stars with pure brilliancy shine;
The songs of the woodland have ceased,
  And still is the low of the kine.
The men, from their work on the hill,
  Trudge homeward with pitchfork and flail
The buzz of the hamlet is still,
  And the bat flaps his wings in the gale.

And see from those darkly green trees
  Of cypress, and holly, and yew,
That wave their black arms in the breeze,
  The old village church is in view.
The owl, from her ivied retreat,
  Screams hoarse to the winds of the night;
And the clock, with its solemn repeat,
  Has tolled the departure of light.

My child, let us wander alone,
  When half the wide world is in bed,
And read o'er the mouldering stone,
  That tells of the mouldering dead.

And let us remember it well,
That we must as certainly die;
For us too may toll the sad bell,
And in the cold earth we must lie.

You are not so healthy and gay,
So young, so active, and bright,
That death cannot snatch you away,
Or some dreadful accident smite.
Here lie both the young and the old,
Confined in the coffin so small,
And the earth closes over them cold,
And the grave-worm devours them all.

In vain were the beauty and bloom
That once o'er their bodies were spread:
Now still, in the desolate tomb,
Each rests his inanimate head.
Their hands, once so active for play,
Their lips, which so merrily sung,
Now senseless and motionless lay,
And stiff is the chattering tongue.

Then seek not, my child, as the best,
Those things which so shortly must fade;
Let piety dwell in thy breast,
And all of thine actions pervade.
And then, when beneath the green sod
This active young body shall lie,
Thy soul shall ascend to its God,
To live with the blest in the sky.

A. T

A TRUE STORY.

Little Ann and her mother were walking one day,
Through London's wide city so fair;
And business obliged them to go by the way
That led them through Cavendish Square.

And as they passed by the great house of a lord,
A beautiful chariot came
To take some most elegant ladies abroad,
Who straightway got into the same.

The ladies in feathers and jewels were seen,
The chariot was painted all o'er,
The footmen behind were in silver and green,
And fine horses galloped before.

Little Ann by her mother walked silent and sad,
A tear trickled down from her eye:
Till her mother said, Ann, I should be very glad
To know what it is makes you cry?

Ah look! said the child, at that carriage, mamma,
All covered with varnish and gold,
Those ladies are riding so charmingly there,
While we have to walk in the cold:

You say, God is kind to the folks that are good,
But surely it cannot be true;
Or else I am certain, almost, that he would
Give such a fine carriage to you.

Look there, little girl, said her mother, and see
What stands at that very coach door;
A poor ragged beggar, and listen how she
A halfpenny stands to implore.

All pale is her face, and deep sunk is her eye,
Her hands look like skeleton's bones;
She has got a few rags just about her to tie,
And her naked feet bleed on the stones.

Dear ladies, she cries, and the tears trickle down,
Relieve a poor beggar, I pray;
I 've wandered all hungry about this wide town,
And not ate a morsel to-day.

My father and mother are long ago dead,
My brother sails over the sea;
And I 've not a rag nor a morsel of bread,
As plainly I 'm sure you may see.

A fever I caught which was terribly bad,
But no nurse nor physic had I:
An old dirty shed was the house that I had,
And only on straw could I lie.

And now that I 'm better, yet feeble and faint,
And famished, and naked, and cold,
I wander about with my grievous complaint,
And seldom get aught but a scold.

Some will not attend to my pitiful call,
Some think me a vagabond cheat,
And scarcely a creature relieves me of all
The thousands that traverse the street.

Then ladies, dear ladies, your pity bestow!—
Just then a tall footman came round,
And asking the ladies which way they would go,
The chariot turned off with a bound.

Ah! see, little girl, then her mother replied,
How foolish it was to complain:
If you would have looked at the contrary side,
Your tears would have dried up again.

Your house, and your friends, and your victuals, and bed,
'T was God in his mercy that gave:
You did not deserve to be covered and fed,
And yet all these blessings you have.

This poor little beggar is hungry and cold,
No father nor mother has she;
And while you can daily such objects behold,
You ought quite contented to be.

A coach and a footman, and gaudy attire,
Can 't give true delight to the breast;
To be good is the thing you should chiefly desire,
And then leave to God all the rest. A. T.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Now the sun rises bright and soars high in the air,
The trees smile around us in green;
The sweet little birds to the meadows repair,
And pick up the moss, and lamb's-wool, and hair,
To make their nests soft, warm, and clean.

High up in some tree, far away from the town,
Where they think naughty boys cannot creep,
They build it with twigs, and they line it with down,
And lay their neat eggs, speckled over with brown,
And sit till the little ones peep.

Then come, little boy, let us go to the wood,
And climb up the very tall tree;
And while the old birds are gone to get food,
We 'll take down the nest, and the cheruping brood,
And divide them betwixt you and me.

But ah! don't you think 't would be wicked and bad,
To take their poor nestlings away;
And after the toil and the trouble they 've had,
When they think themselves safe, and are singing so glad,
To spoil all their work for our play?

Suppose that some monster, a dozen yards high,
Should stalk up at night to your bed?
And out of the window along with you fly,
And stop not to bid your dear parents good-by
Nor care for a word that you said;

And take you away, not a creature knows where,
And fasten you down with a chain;
And feed you with victuals you never could bear,
And hardly allow you to breathe the fresh air,
Or ever to come back again?

Oh! how would you cry for your dearest mamma,
And long to her bosom to run;
And beat your poor head at your hard prison bar,
And hate the vile monster that took you so far,
For nothing at all but his fun.

Then say, little boy, shall we climb the tall tree?
Ah! no, but this lesson we 'll learn,
That 't would just as cruel and terrible be,
As if a great monster should take away thee,
Not ever again to return.

Then sleep, little innocents, sleep in your nest,
We mean not to take you away;
And when the next summer shall wear her green vest,
And the woods in a robe of rich foliage be drest,
Your songs shall our kindness repay.

When the spring shall return, to the woodlands we'll hie,
And sit by yon very tall tree; mm
And rejoice, as we hear your sweet carols on high,
With silken wings soaring amid the blue sky,
That we left you to sing and be free. IBID

THE HAND-POST.

The night was dark, the sun was hid
Beneath the mountain gray:
And not a single star appeared,
To shoot a silver ray.

Across the heath the owlet flew,
And screamed along the blast,
And onward with a quickened step,
Benighted Henry passed.

At intervals, amid the gloom
A flash of lightning played,
And showed the ruts with water filled,
And the black hedge's shade.

Again, in thickest darkness plunged,
He groped his way to find;
And now he thought he spied beyond
A form of horrid kind.

In deadly white it upward rose,
Of cloak or mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

Poor Henry felt his blood run cold
At what before him stood;
But well, thought he, no harm, I 'm sure,
Can happen to the good.

So calling all his courage up,
He to the goblin went;
And eager through the dismal gloom
His piercing eyes he bent.

And when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his side,
And loudly laughed outright.

For 't was a friendly hand-post stood,
His wand'ring steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good
No evil should betide.

And well, thought he, one thing I 've learned,
Nor soon shall I forget,
Whatever frightens me again,
To march straight up to it.

And when I hear an idle tale
Of goblins and a ghost,
I 'll tell of this my lonely ride,
And the tall white Hand Post. IBID.

SPRING.

AH! see how the ices are melting away,
The rivers have burst from their chain;
The woods and the hedges with verdure look gay,
And daises enamel the plain.

The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white;
The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the side of the hill,
The honey-bee wakes from his sleep,
The turtle-dove opens her soft-cooing bill,
And snow-drops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active, delightful, and gay,
The creatures begin their employ;
Ah! let me not be less industrious than they,
An idle or indolent boy.

Now while in the spring of my vigor and bloom,
In the paths of fair learning I 'll run;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

Thus while to my lessons with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain,
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
'T will cheer the dark season of pain. IBID.

SUMMER.

The heats of Summer come hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear;
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the deep-colored cherries appear.

The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
No cloud on its bosom remains;
The woods and the fields, and the hedges are green,
And the hay-cock smells sweet from the plains.

Down far in the valley where bubbles the spring,
Which soft through the meadow-land glides,
The lads from the mountain the heavy sheep bring;
And shear the warm coat from their sides.

Ah! let me lie down in some shady retreat,
Beside the meandering stream,
For the sun darts abroad an unbearable heat,
And burns with his over-head beam.

There all the day idle my limbs I 'll extend,
Fanned soft to delicious repose;
While round me a thousand sweet odors ascend,
From ev'ry gay wood-flower that blows.

But hark from the woodlands what sounds do I hear,
The voices of pleasure so gay;
The merry young haymakers cheerfully bear
The heat of the hot summer's day.

While some with bright scythe, singing shrill to the tone,
The tall grass and butter-cups mow,
Some spread it with rakes, and by others 't is thrown
Into sweet-smelling cocks in a row.

Then since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labor I 'll rise;
While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.

To waste precious time we can never recall,
Is waste of the wickedest kind;
An instant of life has more value than all
The gold that in India they find.

Not diamonds, that brilliantly beam in the mine,
For one moment's time should be given;
For gems can but make us look gaudy and fine,
But time can prepare us for heaven. IBID.

AUTUMN.

The sun is far risen above the old trees,
His beams on the silver dew play:
The gossamer tenderly waves in the breeze,
And the mists are fast rolling away.

Let us leave the warm bed and the pillow of down,
The morning fair bids us arise,
Little boy, for the shadows of midnight are flown,
And sun beams peep into our eyes.

We 'll pass by the garden that leads to the gate,
But where is its gaiety now?
The Michaelmas daisy blows lonely and late,
And the yellow leaf whirls from the bough.

Last night the glad reapers their harvest home sung,
And stored the full garners with grain;
Did you hear how the woods with their merry shouts rung,
As they bore the last sheaf from the plain?

But hark! from the woodlands the sound of a gun,
The wounded bird flutters and dies:
Ah! surely 't is wicked, for nothing but fun
To shoot the poor thing as it flies.

The timid hare too, in affright and dismay,
Runs swift through the brushwood and grass;
How she turns, how she winds, and she tries every way,
But the cruel dogs won't let her pass.

Ah! poor little partridge, and pheasant and hare,
I wish they would leave you to live;
For my part, I wonder how people can bear
To see all the torment they give.

When a reynard at midnight steals down to the farm,
And kills the poor chickens and cocks;
Then rise, farmer Goodman, there can be no harm
In chasing a thief of a fox.

But the innocent hare, and the pheasant so sleek,
'T were cruel and wicked to slay:
The partridge with blood never reddened her beak,
Nor hares stole the poultry away.

If folks would but think of the torture they give,
To creatures who cannot complain,
I think they would let the poor animals live,
Nor ever go shooting again. IBID.

WINTER.

Behold the gray branches that stretch from the trees,
Nor blossom nor verdure they wear!
They rattle and shake to the northerly breeze,
And wave their long arms in the air.

The sun hides his face in a mantle of cloud,
Dark vapors roll over the sky;
The wind through the wood halloos hoarsely and loud,
And sea-birds across the land fly.

Come in, little Charles, for the snow patters down,
No paths in the garden remain:
The streets and the houses are white in the town,
And white are the fields and the plain.

Come in, little Charles, from the tempest of snow,
'T is dark, and the shutters we 'll close;
We 'll put a fresh fagot to make the fire glow,
Secure from the storm as it blows.

But how many wretches, without house or home,
Are wandering naked and pale;
Obliged on the snow-covered common to roam,
And pierced by the pitiless gale;

No house for their shelter, no victuals to eat,
No bed for their limbs to repose;
Or a crust dry and mouldy, the best of their meat,
And their pillow a pillow of snows.

Be thankful, my child, that 't is not your lot
To wander an orphan and poor;
A father, and mother, and home you have got,
And yet you deserve them no more.

Be thankful, my child, and forget not to pay
Your thanks to that Father above,
Who gives you so many more blessings than they,
And crowns your whole life with his love. IBID.

TO A BUTTERFLY, ON GIVING IT LIBERTY.

Poor harmless insect, thither fly,
And life's short hour enjoy:
'T is all thou hast, and why should I
That little all destroy?

Why should my tyrant will suspend
A life by wisdom given,
Or sooner bid thy being end,
Than was designed by Heaven?

Lost to the joy which reason knows,
Ephemeral and frail,
'T is thine to wander where the rose
Perfumes the cooling gale.

To bask upon the sunny bed,
The damask flower to kiss,
To range along the bending shade.
Is all thy little bliss.

Then flutter still thy silken wings,
In rich embroidery dressed,
And sport upon the gale that flings
Sweet odors from his vest.

IBID.

THE TEMPEST

See the dark vapors cloud the sky,
The thunder rumbles round and round:
The lightning's flash begins to fly,
Big drops of rain bedew the ground:
The frightened birds, with ruffled wing,
Fly through the air, and cease to sing.

Now nearer rolls the mighty peal,
Incessant thunder roars aloud;
Tossed by the winds the tall oaks reel,
The forked lightning breaks the cloud:
Deep torrents drench the swimming plain,
And sheets of fire descend with rain.

'T is God who on the tempest rides,
And with a word directs the storm;
'T is at his nod the wind subsides,
Or heaps of heavy vapors form;
In fire and cloud he walks the sky,
And lets his stores of tempest fly.

Then why with childish terror fear,
What waits his will to do me harm?
The bolt shall never venture near,
Or give me cause for dire alarm,
If he directs the fiery ball,
And bid it not on me to fall.

Yet though beneath his power divine,
I wait, depending on his care,

Each right endeavor shall be mine,
Of every danger I 'll beware,
Far from the metal bell-wire stand,
Nor on the door-lock put my hand.

When caught amidst the open field,
I 'll not seek shelter from a tree ;
Though from the falling rain a shield,
More dreadful might the lightning be :
Its tallest boughs might draw the fire,
And I, with sudden stroke, expire.

Thus, while with lawful care I try
To shun each dangerous thing and place,
I 'll lift to God my prayerful eye,
And beg protection from his grace :
If spared, to him the praise I 'll give,
Or if I die, in heaven shall live. IBID.

MORNING.

Awake, little girl, it is time, so arise,
Come, shake drowsy sleep from your eye ;
The lark is loud warbling his notes in the skies,
And the sun is far mounted on high.

O come, for the fields with gay flowers o'erflow,
The glistening dew-drop is trembling still,
The lowing herds graze in the pastures below,
And the sheep-bell is heard from the hill.

O come, for the bee has flown out of his bed,
To begin his day's labor anew;
The spider is weaving her delicate thread,
Which brilliantly glitters with dew.

O come, for the ant has crept out of her cell
Her daily employment to seek:
She knows the true value of moments too well
To waste them in indolent sleep.

Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise
Of insects instruction to ask;
From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
And cheerfully go to your task. J. T.

EVENING.

Little girl, it is time to retire to rest;
The sheep are put into the fold;
The linnet forsakes us and flies to her nest,
To shelter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out from his lonely retreat,
And screams through the tall shady trees;
The nightingale takes on the hawthorn her seat,
And sings to the evening breeze.

The sun, too, now seems to have finished his race,
And sinks once again to his rest;
But though we no longer can see his bright face,
He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl, have you finished your daily employ,
With industry, patience, and care?
If so, lay your head on your pillow with joy,
No thorn to disturb shall be there.

The moon through your curtains shall cheerfully peep,
Her silver beam dance on your eyes,
And mild evening breezes shall fan you to sleep,
Till bright morning bids you arise. J. T.

THE IDLE BOY.

Thomas was an idle lad,
And lounged about all day;
And though he many a lesson had,
He minded nought but play.

He only cared for top or ball,
Or marbles, hoop, and kite;
But as for learning, that was all
Neglected by him quite.

In vain his mother's kind advice,
In vain his master's care,
He followed every idle vice,
And learned to curse and swear!

And think you when he grew a man,
He prospered in his ways?
No, wicked courses never can
Bring good and happy days.

Without a shilling in his purse,
Or cot to call his own,
Poor Thomas grew from bad to worse,
And hardened as a stone.

And oh, it grieves me much to write
His melancholy end;
Then let us leave the dreadful sight,
And thoughts of pity lend.

But may we this important truth
Observe and ever hold,
"All those who 're idle in their youth,
Will suffer when they 're old." J. T.

THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

In a cottage upon the heath wild,
That always was cleanly and nice,
Lived William, a good little child,
Who minded his parents' advice.

'T is true he loved marbles and kite,
And spin-top, and nine-pins, and ball,
But this I declare with delight,
His book he loved better than all.

In active and useful employ
His youth gaily glided away;
While rational pleasures and joy
Attended his steps every day.

And now let us see him grow up,
Still cheerfulness dwelt in his mind,
Contentment yet sweetened his cup,
For still he was active and kind.

His wife for gay riches ne'er sighed;
No princess so happy as she;
While William would sit by her side,
With a sweet smiling babe on his knee.

His garden well loaded with store,
His cot by the side of the green,
Where woodbines crept over the door,
And jessamines peeped in between.

These filled him with honest delight,
And rewarded him well for his toil;
He went to bed cheerful at night,
And woke in the morn with a smile.

Nor knew he the feelings of dread,
When infirmity brought him to die;
While his grandchildren knelt round his bed,
And his dutiful sons closed his eye.

then may I diligent be,
And as active as ever I can,
That I may be happy and free,
Like him when I grow up a man! J. T.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.

There was a little fellow once,
And Harry was his name,
And many a naughty trick had he;
I tell it to his shame.

He minded not his friends' advice,
But followed his own wishes;
And one most cruel trick of his
Was that of catching fishes.

His father had a little pond,
Where often Harry went,
And in this most inhuman sport,
He many an evening spent.

One day he took his hook and bait,
And hurried to the pond,
And there began the cruel game,
Of which he was so fond.

And many a little fish he caught,
And pleased was he to look,
And see them writhe in agony,
And struggle on the hook.

At last when having caught enough,
And tired too himself,
He hastened home, intending there
To put them on a shelf.

But as he jumped to reach a dish
To put his fishes in,
A sharp meat hook, that hung close by,
Did catch him by the chin.

Poor Harry kicked and called aloud,
And screamed, and cried, and roared,
While from the wound the crimson blood
In dreadful torrents poured.

The maids came running, frightened much
To see him hanging there,
And soon they took him from the hook,
And sat him in a chair.

The surgeon came, and stopped the blood,
And up he bound his head;
And then they carried him up stairs,
And laid him on his bed.

Conviction darted on his mind,
As groaning there he lay;
He with remorse and horror thought
Upon his cruel play.

"And oh," said he, "poor little fish,
What tortures they have borne;
While I, well pleased, have stood to see
Their tender bodies torn!

"O, what a wicked boy I've been,
Such torments to bestow;
Well I deserve the pain I feel,
Since I could serve them so.

" But now I know how great the smart,
How terrible the pain!
As long as I can *feel* myself,
I 'll never fish again."

OLD AGE.

Who is it comes tottering along!
His footsteps are feeble and slow,
His beard is grown curling and long,
And his head is turned white as the snow.

His dim eye is sunk in his head,
And wrinkles deep furrow his brow;
Animation and vigor are fled,
And yield to infirmity now.

Little stranger, his name is Old Age,
His journey will shortly be o'er,
He soon will leave life's busy stage,
To be torn by affliction no more.

Little stranger, though healthy and strong,
You now all adversity brave,
Like him you must totter ere long,
Like him you must sink to the grave.

Those limbs that so actively play,
That face, beaming pleasure and mirth,
Like his must drop into decay,
And moulder away in the earth.

Then, ere that dark season of night,
When youth and its energies cease,
O! follow, with zeal and delight,
Those paths that are pleasure and peace.

So triumph and hope shall be nigh,
When failing and fainting you breathe;
'T will light a bright spark in your eye,
As it closes forever in death.

THE APPLE-TREE.

Old John had an apple-tree, healthy and green,
Which bore the best codlins that ever were seen,
So juicy, and mellow and red;
And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor,
He sold them to children that passed by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbor, one often might see
With longing eye viewing this nice apple-tree,
And wishing a codlin would fall;
One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, "O, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full, and I 'd only take one,
And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
And nobody is in the way."

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough,
Remember, though old John can 't see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is ONE, who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From his glorious throne in the sky.

Oh then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot or weary or thirsty to be,
Or any thing rather than steal!
For the great God, who even through darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit, in his book,
However we think to conceal. J. T.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN tears to her mother poor Harriot came,
Let us listen to hear what she says:
'O see, dear mamma, it is pouring with rain,
We cannot go out in the chaise.

'All the week have I longed for the journey, you know,
And fancied the minutes were hours,
And now that I 'm dressed and all ready to go,
O see, dear mamma, how it pours.'

I 'm sorry, my dear, her good mother replied,
The rain won't permit us to go,
And I 'm sorry to see, for the sake of a ride,
That you cry and distress yourself so.

These slight disappointments and crosses you hate,
  Are sent you your mind to prepare;
That you may with courage and fortitude wait
  More serious distresses to bear.

Oh think not, my child, as you grow up in life,
  That pleasures unceasing will flow;
Disappointment, and trouble, and sorrow, and strife,
  Will follow wherever you go.

Though now the bright prospect seems opening fair,
  And hope paints a scene of delight,
Too soon you will see it all vanish in air,
  And leave you to darkness and night.

Ah then, my dear girl, when these sorrows appear,
  And trouble flows in like a tide,
You 'll wonder that you ever wasted a tear
  On merely the loss of a ride.

But though this world's pleasures are fading and vain,
  Religion is lasting and true:
Real pleasure and joy in her paths you may gain,
  Nor will disappointment ensue. J. T.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

Upon a mountain's grassy side
  Where many a tall fir grew,
Young Colin wandered with his flocks,
  And many a hardship knew.

No downy pillow for his head,
No sheltered home had he,
The green grass was his only bed
Beneath some shady tree.

Dry bread, and water from the spring,
Composed his temp'rate fare:
Yet Colin ate with thankful heart,
Nor felt a murmur there.

A cheerful smile upon his face
Was ever seen to play,
He envied not the rich nor great,
More happy far than they.

While 'neath some spreading shade he sat,
Beside his fleecy flocks,
His soft pipe warbled through the wood,
And echoed from the rocks.

An ancient castle on the plain
In silent grandeur stood,
And there the young lord Henry dwelt;
The proud, but not the good.

And oft he wandered o'er the plain,
Or on the mountain's side,
Or with surprise and envy too
The humble Colin eyed.

"And why," said he, "am I denied
That cheerfulness and joy,
That ever smiles upon the face
Of this poor shepherd boy?

"Nor titles, honors, nor estates,
No wealth, nor power has he;
And yet, though destitute and poor,
He seems more blessed than me."

For this lord Henry did not know,
That pleasure ne'er is found
Where angry passions reign and rule,
And evil deeds abound.

Colin, though poor, was humble too,
Benevolent and kind:
While passion, anger, rage, and pride,
Disturbed lord Henry's mind.

Thus Colin, though a shepherd boy,
Was ever glad and gay;
And Henry, though a noble lord,
To discontent a prey. J. T.

THE ROBIN.

Away, pretty Robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive I still should like best,
And feed you with worms and with bread:
Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all colored with red.

But then 't would be cruel to keep you, I know,
So stretch out your wings, little Robin, and go,
Fly home to your young ones again;
Go, listen again to the notes of your mate,
And enjoy the green shade in your lonely retreat,
Secure from the wind and the rain.

But when the leaves fall, and the winter winds blow,
And the green fields are covered all over with snow,
And the clouds in white feathers descend;
When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets freeze,
And the long, shining icicles drop from the trees,
Then, Robin, remember your friend.

When with cold and with hunger quite perish'd and weak,
Come tap at my window again with your beak,
And gladly I 'll let you come in;
You shall fly to my bosom, or perch on my thumbs,
Or hop round the table and pick up the crums,
And never be hungry again. J. T.

THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

Young Jem at noon returned from school,
As hungry as could be,
He cried to Sue the servant maid,
'My dinner give to me.'

Said Sue, 'It is not yet come home,
Besides it is not late;'
'No matter that,' cried little Jem,
'I do not like to wait.'

Quick to the baker's Jemmy went,
And asked 'Is dinner done?'
'It is,' replied the baker's man,
'Then home I 'll with it run.'

'Nay, sir,' replied he, prudently,
'I tell you 't is too hot.
And much too heavy 't is for you'——
'I tell you it is not.

' Papa, mamma, are both gone out,
And I for dinner long;
So give it me:——It is all mine,
And, baker, hold your tongue.

'A shoulder 't is of mutton nice!
And batter-pudding too;
I 'm glad of that, it is so good;
How clever is our Sue!'

Now near his door young Jem was come,
He round the corner turned;
But O, sad fate, unlucky chance!
The dish his fingers burned.

Low in the kennel down fell dish,
And down fell all the meat;
Swift went the pudding in the stream,
And sailed down the street.

The people laughed, and rude boys grinned,
At mutton's hapless fall;
But though ashamed, young Jemmy cried,
'Better lose part than all.'

The shoulder by the knuckle seized,
His both hands grasped it fast,
And, deaf to all their gibes and cries,
He gained his home at last.

'Impatience is a fault,' says Jem,
'The baker said too true;
In future, patient I will be,
And mind what says our Sue.' ADELAIDE.

FALSE ALARMS.

Little Mary one day most loudly did call;
'Mamma! O mamma, pray come here!
A fall I have had; oh, a very sad fall.'
Mamma ran in haste and in fear;
Then Mary jumped up, and she laughed in great glee,
And cried, 'Why, how fast you can run!
No harm has befallen, I assure you, to me,
My screaming was only in fun.'

Her mother was busy at work the next day,
She heard from without a loud cry
'The big dog has got me! O help me! O pray!
He tears me—he bites me—I die!'
Mamma, all in terror, quick to the court flew,
And there little Mary she found:
Who laughing, said, 'Madam, pray how do you do?'
And curtseyed quite down to the ground.

That night, little Mary when long gone to bed,
Shrill cries, and loud shriekings were heard;
'I'm on fire, O mamma! come up or I'm dead!'
Mamma, she believed not a word.
'Sleep, sleep, naughty child,' she called out from below,
'How often have I been deceived!
You 're telling a story, you very well know:
Go to sleep, for you can't be believed.'

Yet still the child screamed; now the house filled with smoke;
That fire is above, Jane declares.
Alas! Mary's words they soon found were no joke,
When every one hastened up stairs.
All burnt and all seamed is her once pretty face,
And terribly marked are her arms,
Her features all scarred, leave a lasting disgrace
For giving mamma false alarms. ADELAIDE.

THE CHILD'S MONITOR.

The wind blows down the largest tree,
And yet the wind I cannot see.
Playmates far off, that have been kind,
My thought can bring before my mind,
The past by it is present brought,
And yet I cannot see my thought.
The charming rose perfumes the air,
Yet I can see no perfumes there.
Blithe Robin's notes—how sweet, how clear!
From his small bill they reach my ear;

And whilst upon the air they float,
I hear, yet cannot see a note.
When I would do what is forbid,
By something in my heart I 'm chid;
When good I think, then quick and pat,
That something says, 'My child, do that.'
When I too near the stream would go,
So pleased to see the waters flow,
That something says, without a sound,
'Take care, dear child, you may be drowned.'
And for the poor whene'er I grieve,
That something says, 'A penny give.'
Thus Spirits good and ill there be,
Although invisible to me;
Whate'er I do, they see me still,
But O, good Spirits, guide my will! ADELAIDE.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The Butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing,
Like to the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for time of want,
A wise and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day,
Then, like the bee and ant, I 'll lay
A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I 'll improve,
Nor be a Butterfly. ADELAIDE.

THE BOYS AND THE APPLE-TREE.

As Billy and Tommy were walking one day,
They came by a fine orchard side;
They 'd rather eat apples then spell, read, or play,
And Tommy to Billy then cried:

Oh brother, look! see! what fine clusters hang there,
I 'll jump and climb over the wall;
I will have an apple; I will have a pear,
Or else it shall cost me a fall.

Said Billy to Tommy, to steal is a sin,
Mamma has oft told this to thee;
I never yet stole, nor now will begin;
So, red apples, hang on the tree.

You are a good boy, as you ever have been,
Said Tommy, let 's walk on, my lad;
We 'll call on our school-fellow, little Bob Greene,
And to see us I know he 'll be glad.

They came to a house, and they rang at the gate,
And asked, 'Pray is Bobby at home?'
But Bobby's good manners did not let them wait;
He out of the parlor did come.

Bob smiled and he laughed, and he capered with joy,
His little companions to view—
We called in to see you, said each little boy.
Said Bobby: I 'm glad to see you.

Come walk in our garden, so large and so fine;
You shall, for my father gives leave;
And more, he insists that you 'll stay here to dine;
A rare jolly day we shall have!

But when in the garden, they found 't was the same
They saw as they walked in the road;
And near the high wall, when these little boys came,
They started, as if from a toad.

That large ring of iron, which lies on the ground,
With terrible teeth like a saw,
Said Bobby, the guard of our garden is found:
It keeps wicked robbers in awe.

The warning without, if they should set at naught,
This trap tears their legs; O so sad!
Says Billy to Tommy, so you 'd have been caught,
A narrow escape you have had.

Cried Tommy, I 'll mind what my good mother says,
And take the advice of a friend;
I never will steal to the end of my days,
I 've been a bad boy, but I 'll mend. ADELAIDE.

THE WOODEN DOLL AND THE WAX DOLL.

THERE were two friends, a charming little pair!
Brunette the brown, and Blanchidine the fair:
This child to love Brunette did still incline,
And much Brunette loved sweet Blanchidine.
Brunette in dress was neat yet wond'rous plain,
But Blanchidine of finery was vain.

Now Blanchidine a new acquaintance made,
A little miss, most splendidly arrayed:
Feathers and laces beauteous to behold,
And India frock, with spots of shining gold.
Said Blanchidine, a miss so richly dressed,
Most sure by all deserves to be caressed;
To play with me if she will condescend,
Henceforward she shall be my only friend.
For this new miss, so dressed and so adorned,
Her poor Brunette was slighted, left, and scorned.

Of Blanchidine's vast stock of pretty toys,
A wooden Doll her every thought employs;
Its neck so white, so smooth, its cheeks so red,
She 'd kiss, she 'd hug, she 'd take it to her bed.

Mother now brought her home a Doll of wax,
Its hair in ringlets white and soft as flax;
Its eyes could open, and its eyes could shut,
And on it with much taste its clothes were put,
My dear wax doll, sweet Blanchidine would cry:
Her doll of wood was thrown neglected by.

One summer's day, 't was in the month of June,
The sun blazed out in all the heat of noon,
My waxen doll, she cried, my dear! my charm!
You feel quite cold, but you shall soon be warm.
She placed it in the sun—misfortune dire!
The wax ran down as if before the fire!
Each beauteous feature quickly disappeared,
And melting left a blank all soiled and smeared.

She stared, she screamed with horror and dismay,
You odious fright, she then was heard to say;

For you my silly heart I have estranged,
From my sweet wooden Doll, that never changed.
Just so may change my new acquaintance fine,
For whom I left Brunette, that friend of mine.
No more by outside show will I be lured,
Of such capricious whims I think I 'm cured:
To plain old friends my heart shall still be true,
Nor change for every face because 't is new.
Her slighted wooden doll resumed its charms,
And wronged Brunette she clasped within her arms.

ADELAIDE.

THE REDBREAST.

The Thrush sings nobly on the tree,
In strength of voice excelling me,
Whilst leaves and fruits are on.
Think how poor Robin sings for you,
When nature's beauties bid adieu,
And leaves and fruits are gone.
Ah, then, to me some crums of bread O fling!
And through the year my grateful thanks I 'll sing.

When winter's winds blow loud and rude,
And birds retire in sullen mood,
And snow makes white the ground;
I sing, your drooping hearts to charm,
And, sure that you 'll not do me harm,
I hop your window round.
Ah, then, to me some crums of bread O fling!
And through the year my grateful thanks I' ll sing.

Since, friends, in you I put my trust,
As you enjoy, you should be just,
And for your music pay;
And when I find a traveller dead,
My bill with leaves the corpse shall spread,
And sing his passing lay.
Ah, then, to me some crums of bread O fling!
And through the year my grateful thanks I' ll sing.

ADELAIDE

IDLE DICKY AND THE GOAT.

John Brown is a man without houses or lands,
Himself he supports by the work of his hands;
He brings home his wages each Saturday night,
To his wife and his children a very good sight.

His eldest boy, Dicky, on errands when sent,
To loiter and chatter was very much bent;
The neighbors all called him an odd little trout,
His shoes they were broke, and his toes they peeped out.

To see such old shoes all their sorrows were rife;
John Brown he much grieved and so did his wife,
He kissed his boy Dicky, and stroked his white head,
You shall have a new pair, my dear boy, he then said,
I' ve here twenty shillings, and money has wings;
Go first get this note changed, I want other things.

Now here comes the mischief—this Dicky would stop
At an ill-looking, mean-looking, green grocer's shop.
For here lived a chattering dunce of a boy;
To prate with this urchin gave Dicky great joy.

And now, in his boasting, he shows him his note,
And now, to the green-stall up marches a goat.
They laughed, for it was this young Nanny-goat's way,
With those who passed by her to gambol and play.
All three now went on in their frolicksome bouts,
Till Dick dropped the note on a bunch of green sprouts.

Now what was Dick's wonder! to see the vile goat,
In munching the green sprouts, eat up his bank note;
He crying ran back to John Brown with the news.
By stopping to idle he lost his new shoes. ADELAIDE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THY plaintive notes, sweet Philomel,
All other melodies excel!
Deep in the grove retired,
Thou seem'st thyself and song to hide,
Nor dost thou boast or plume with pride,
Nor wish to be admired.

So, if endued with power and grace,
And with that power my will keep pace,
To act a gen'rous part;
Hence—paltry, ostentatious show!
Nor let my liberal actions know,
A witness but my heart. ADELAIDE

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE.

My prayers I said, I went to bed,
And soon I fell asleep:
But soon I woke, my sleep was broke,
I through my curtains peep.

I heard a noise of men and boys,
The watchman's rattle too;
And Fire they cried—and then cried I,
Oh dear, what shall I do?

A shout so loud came from the crowd,
Around, above, below;
And in the street the neighbors meet,
Who would the matter know.

Now down the stairs run threes and pairs
Enough to break their bones,
The firemen swear, the engines tear
And thunder o'er the stones.

The roof and wall, and stair and all,
And rafters tumble in,
Red flames and blaze now all amaze,
And make a dreadful din!

And horrid screams, when bricks and beams
Came tumbling on their heads;
And some are smashed, and some are crashed;
Some leap on feather beds.

Some burn, some choke, with fire and smoke!
And oh, what was the cause?
My heart 's dismayed, last night I played
With Tommy, lighting straws! ADELAIDE.

THE LARK.

From his humble grassy bed,
See the warbling lark arise!
By his grateful wishes led,
Through those regions of the skies.

Songs of thanks and praise he pours,
Harmonizing airy space,
Sings, and mounts, and higher soars,
Towards the throne of heavenly grace.

Small his gifts compared to mine,
Poor my thanks with him compared;
I 've a soul almost divine;
Angels' blessings with me shared.

Wake, my soul! to praise aspire,
Reason, every sense accord;
Join in pure seraphic fire;
Love, and thank, and praise the Lord! ADELAIDE.

THE TRUANT BOYS.

The month was April, and the morning cool,
When Hal and Ned,
To walk together to the neighboring school,
Rose early from their bed:

When reached the school, Hal said, 'Why con your task
Demure and prim?
Ere we go in, let me one question ask:
Ned, shall we go swim?'

Fearless of future punishment or blame,
Away they hied,
Through many verdant fields, until they came
Unto the river side.

The broad stream narrowed in its onward course,
And deep and still
It silent ran, and yet with rapid force,
To turn a neighboring mill.

Under the mill an arch gaped wide, and seemed
The jaws of death!
Through this the smooth deceitful waters teemed
On dreadful wheels beneath.

They swim the river wide, nor think nor care;
The waters flow;
And by the current strong they carried are
Into the mill-stream now.

Through the swift waters, as young Ned was rolled,
The gulf when near,
On a kind brier by chance he laid fast hold,
And stopped his dread career.

But luckless Hal was by the mill-wheel torn,
A warning sad!
And the untimely death, all friends now mourn,
Of this poor truant lad! ADELAIDE.

GEORGE AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

His petticoats now George cast off,
For he was four years old;
His trousers were nankeen so fine,
His buttons bright as gold—
'May I,' said little George, 'go out
My pretty clothes to show?
May I, papa? may I, mamma?'
The answer was, 'No, no.

Go, run below, George, in the court,
But go not in the street,
Lest naughty boys should play some trick,
Or gypsies you should meet.'
Yet, though forbade, George went unseen,
The little boys to see,
And all admired him when he lisped—
'Now who so fine as me?'

But while he strutted to and fro,
So proud, as I 've heard tell,
A sweep-boy passed, whom to avoid
He slipped and down he fell.
The sooty lad was kind and good,
To Georgy boy he ran,
He raised him up, and kissing said,
'Hush, hush, my little man!'

He rubbed and wiped his clothes with care,
And hugging said, 'Do n't cry!—
Go home, as quick as you can go!
Sweet little boy, good-by.'

Poor George looked down, and lo! his dress
Was blacker than before;
All over soot, and mud, and dirt,
He reached his father's door.

He sobbed, and wept, and looked ashamed,
His fault he did not hide;
And since so sorry for his fault,
Mamma she did not chide.
That night when he was gone to bed,
He jumped up in his sleep,
And cried, and sobbed and cried again,
'I thought I saw the sweep!' ADELAIDE.

SOPHIA'S FOOL'S-CAP.

Sophia was a little child,
Obliging, good, and very mild,
Yet, lest of dress she should be vain,
Mamma still dressed her well but plain—
Her parents, sensible and kind,
Wished only to adorn her mind;
No other dress, when good, had she,
But useful, neat simplicity.

Though seldom, yet when she was rude
Or ever in a naughty mood,
Her punishment was this disgrace,
A large fine cap adorned with lace,
With feathers and with ribands too;
The work was neat, the fashion new!
Yet as a fool's-cap was its name,
She dreaded much to wear the same.

A lady, fashionably gay,
Did to mamma a visit pay,
Sophia stared, then whispering said,
'Why, dear mamma, look at her head!
To be so tall and wicked too,
The strangest thing I ever knew!
What naughty tricks, pray, has she done,
That they have put a fool's-cap on?' ADELAIDE.

WASHING AND DRESSING.

Ah! why will my dear little girl be so cross,
And cry, and look sulky, and pout?
To lose her sweet smile is a terrible loss,
I can 't even kiss her without.

You say you do n't like to be washed and be dressed,
But would you be dirty and foul?
Come, drive that long sob from your dear little breast,
And clear your sweet face from its scowl.

If the water is cold, and the comb hurts your head,
And the soap has got into your eye,
Will the water grow warmer for all that you 've said,
And what good will it do you to cry?

It is not to tease you, and hurt you, my sweet,
But only for kindness and care,
That I wash you, and dress you, and make you look neat,
And comb out your tanglesome hair.

I don't mind the trouble, if you would not cry,
But pay me for all with a kiss.
That 's right, take the towel and wipe your wet eye,
I thought you 'd be good after this. ANN

THE PLUM CAKE.

'Oh, I 've got a plum cake, and a rare feast I 'll make,
I 'll eat, and I 'll stuff, and I 'll cram:
Morning, noontime, and night, it shall be my delight;
What a happy young fellow I am.'

Thus said little George, and, beginning to gorge,
With zeal to his cake he applied;
While fingers and thumbs, for the sweetmeats and plums,
Were hunting and digging beside.

But woful to tell, a misfortune befell,
Which ruined his capital fun;
After eating his fill, he was taken so ill,
That he trembled for what he had done.

As he grew worse and worse, the doctor and nurse
To cure his disorder were sent:
And rightly, you 'll think, he had physic to drink,
Which made him his folly repent.

And while on his bed he rolled his hot head,
Impatient with sickness and pain,
He could not but take this reproof from his cake,
'Do 'nt be such a glutton again.' ANN.

ANOTHER PLUM CAKE.

'Oh! I 've got a plum cake, and a feast let us make,
Come, school-fellows, come at my call;
I assure you, 't is nice, and we 'll each have a slice,
Here 's more than enough for us all.'

Thus said little Jack, as he gave it a smack,
And sharpened his knife for the job!
While round him a troop formed a clamorous group,
And hailed him the king of the mob.

With masterly strength he cut through it at length,
And gave to each playmate a share:
Dick, William, and James, and many more names,
Partook his benevolent care.

And when it was done, and they 'd finished their fun,
To marbles or hoop they went back,
And each little boy felt it always a joy
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book, his best pleasures he took,
And as he thus wisely began,
Since he 's been a man grown, he has constantly shown,
That a good boy will make a good man. ANN.

FOR A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.

My sweet little girl should be cheerful and mild,
And should not be fretful and cry!
Oh, why is this passion? remember, my child,
God sees you, who lives in the sky

That dear little face, which I like so to kiss,
How frightful and sad it appears!
Do you think I can love you, so naughty as this,
Or kiss you all wetted with tears?

Remember, though God is in heaven, my love,
He sees you, within and without,
And always looks down from his glory above,
To notice what you are about.

If I am not with you, or if it be dark,
And nobody is in the way,
His eye is as able your doings to mark,
In the night as it is in the day.

Then dry up your tears, and look smiling again,
And never do things that are wrong,
For I 'm sure you must feel it a terrible pain,
To be naughty, and crying so long.

We 'll pray that God may your passion forgive,
And teach you from evil to fly;
And then you 'll be happy as long as you live,
And happy whenever you die. ANN.

HONEST OLD TRAY.

Oh! do n't hurt the dog, poor honest old Tray;
What good will it do you to drive him away?
Kind usage is justly his right!
Remember how faithful he is to his charge,
And barks at the rogues when we set him at large,
And guards us by day and by night.

Though you, by and by, will grow up to a man,
And Tray is a dog, let him grow as he can,
  Remember, my good little lad,
A dog that is honest, and faithful, and mild,
Is not only better than is a bad child,
  But better than men that are bad.

If you are a boy, and Tray but a beast,
I think it should teach you one lesson at least,
  You ought to act better than he;
And if without reason, or judgment, or sense,
Tray does as we bid him, and gives no offence,
  How diligent Richard should be!

If I do but just whistle, as often you 've seen,
He seems to say, 'Master, what is it you mean?
  My courage and duty are tried.'
And see, when I throw my hat over the pale,
He fetches it back, and comes wagging his tail,
  And lies it down close by my side.

Then, honest old Tray, let him sleep at his ease,
While you from him learn to endeavor to please
  And obey me with spirit and joy;
Or else we shall find (what would grieve me to say)
That Richard 's no better than honest old Tray!
  And a brute has more sense than a boy! ANN.

TO A LITTLE GIRL THAT HAS TOLD A LIE.

And has my darling told a lie!
Did she forget that God was by?
That God, who saw the thing she did,
From whom no action can be hid;
Did she forget that God could see,
And hear, wherever she might be?

He made your eyes, and can discern,
Which ever way you think to turn;
He made your ears, and he can hear,
When you may think nobody 's near;
In every place, by night or day,
He watches all you do and say.

You thought, because you were alone,
Your falsehood never could be known,
But liars always are found out,
Whatever ways they wind about;
And always be afraid, my dear,
To tell a lie, for God can hear!

I wish, my dear, you 'd always try
To act as shall not need a lie;
And when you wish a thing to do,
That has been once forbidden you,
Remember that, nor ever dare
To disobey—for God is there!

Why should you fear to tell me true?
Confess, and then I 'll pardon you:
Tell me you 're sorry, and will try

To act the better by and by,
And then, whate'er your crime has been,
It won't be half so great a sin.

But cheerful, innocent, and gay,
As passes by the smiling day,
You 'll never have to turn aside,
From any one your faults to hide:
Nor heave a sigh, nor have a fear,
That either God, or I should hear. ANN.

THE TWO GARDENS.

When Harry and Dick had been striving to please,
Their father (to whom it was known)
Made two little gardens, and stocked them with trees,
And gave one to each for his own.

Harry thanked his papa, and with rake, hoe, and spade,
Directly began his employ:
And soon such a neat little garden was made,
That he panted with labor and joy.

There was always some bed or some border to mend,
Or something to tie or to stick;
And Harry rose early his garden to tend,
While snoring lay indolent Dick.

The tulip, the rose, and the lily so white,
United their beautiful bloom;
And often the honey-bee stopped from his flight
To sip the delicious perfume.

A neat row of peas in full blossom were seen,
French beans were beginning to shoot;
And his gooseberries and currants, though yet they were green,
Foretold him a plenty of fruit.

But Richard loved better in bed to repose,
And snug as he curled himself round,
Forgot that no tulip, nor lily, nor rose,
Nor plant in his garden was found.

Rank weeds and tall nettles disfigured his beds,
Nor cabbage nor lettuce were seen,
The slug and the snail showed their mischievous heads,
And eat every leaf that was green.

Thus Richard the idle, who shrunk from the cold,
Beheld his trees naked and bare;
Whilst Harry the active was charmed to behold
The fruit of his patience and care. ANN.

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me?

My Mother.

Ah! no, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'T will be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

MY FATHER.

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And, smiling at her soft alarms,
Showed me the world and nature's charms?
My Father.

Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, through all, the Maker's hand?
My Father.

Who climbed with me the mountain height,
And watched my look of dread delight,
While rose the glorious orb of light?
My Father.

Who, from each flower, and verdant stalk,
Gathered a honeyed store of talk,
To fill the long, delightful walk?
My Father.

Not on an insect would he tread;
Nor strike the stinging nettle dead;
Who taught at once my heart and head?
My Father.

Who wrote upon that heart the line
Religion graved on Virtue's shrine,
To make the human race divine?
My Father.

Who taught my early mind to know
The God from whom all blessings flow,
Creator of all things below?
My Father.

Who now, in pale and placid light
Of memory, gleams upon my sight,
Bursting the sepulchre of night?
My Father.

Oh! teach me still the christian plan!
Thy practice with thy precept ran:
Nor yet desert me now a man,
My Father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
With charms of thy angelic voice,
Still prompt the motive and the choice,
My Father.

For yet remains a little space,
Till I shall meet thee face to face:
And not, as now, in vain embrace,
My Father.

Soon, and before the Mercy-seat,
Spirits made perfect—we shall meet!
Thee with what transport shall I greet,
My Father?

THE PALACE AND COTTAGE.

High on a mountain's haughty steep
Lord Hubert's palace stood;
Before it rolled a river deep,
Behind it waved a wood.

Low in an unfrequented vale,
A peasant built his cell;
Sweet flowers perfumed the cooling gale,
And graced his garden well.

Loud riot through lord Hubert's hall
In noisy clamors rang:
He scarcely closed his eyes at all,
Till breaking day began.

In scenes of quiet and repose
Young William's life was spent;
With morning's early beam he rose,
And whistled as he went.

On sauces rich, and viands fine,
Lord Hubert daily fed;
His goblet filled with sparkling wine,
His board with dainties spread.

Warm from the sickle or the plough,
His heart as light as air,
His garden ground, and dappled cow,
Supplied young William's fare.

On beds of down beset with gold,
With satin curtains drawn,
His feverish limbs lord Hubert rolled,
From midnight's gloom to morn.

Stretched on a hard and flocky bed,
The cheerful rustic lay;
And sweetest slumbers lulled his head,
From eve to breaking day.

Fever, and gout, and aches, and pains,
Destroyed lord Hubert's rest;
Disorder burnt in all his veins,
And sickened in his breast.

A stranger to the ills of wealth,
Behind his rugged plough,
The cheek of William glowed with health,
And cheerful was his brow.

No gentle friend, to soothe his pain,
Sat near lord Hubert's bed;
His friends and servants, light and vain,
From scenes of sorrow fled.

But when on William's honest head
Time scattered silver hairs,
His wife and children, round his bed,
Partook and soothed his cares.

The solemn hearse, the waving plume,
A train of mourners grim,
Carried lord Hubert to the tomb,
But no one cared for him.

No weeping eye, no gentle breast,
Lamented his decay,
Nor round his costly coffin pressed,
To gaze upon his clay.

But when upon his dying bed
Old William came to lie,
When clammy sweats had chilled his head,
And death had dimmed his eye;

Sweet tears, by fond affection dropped,
From many an eyelid fell,
And many a lip, by anguish stopped,
Half spoke the sad farewell.

No marble pile, nor costly tomb,
Describes where William sleeps;
But there wild thyme and cowslips bloom,
And there affection weeps. ANN.

BALL.

My good little fellow, do n't throw your ball there,
You 'll break neighbor's windows, I know;
On the end of the house there is room and to spare:
Go round, you can have a delightful game there,
Without fearing for where you may throw.

Harry thought he might safely continue his play,
With a little more care than before;
So forgetful of all that his father could say,
As soon as he saw he was out of the way,
He resolved to have fifty throws more.

Already as far as to forty he rose,
And no mischief happened at all;
One more, and one more, he successfully throws,
But when, as he thought, just arrived at the close,
In popped his unfortunate ball.

Poor Harry stood frightened, and turning about,
Was gazing at what he had done;
As the ball had popped in, so neighbor popped out,
And with a good horsewhip he beat him about,
Till Harry repented his fun.

When little folks think they know better than great,
And what is forbidden them do;
We must always expect to see, sooner or late,
That such wise little fools have a similar fate,
And that one of the fifty goes through. ANN.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

The fox and the crow,
In prose I well know
Many good little girls can rehearse;
Perhaps it will tell
Pretty nearly as well,
If we try the same fable in verse.

In a dairy a crow
Having ventured to go,
Some food for her young ones to seek,
Flew up in the trees,
With a fine piece of cheese,
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox who lived nigh,
To the tree saw her fly,
And to share in the prize made a vow!
For having just dined,
He for cheese felt inclined,
So he went and sat under the bough,

She was cunning, he knew,
But so was he too,
And with flattery adapted his plan;
For he knew if she 'd speak,
It must fall from her beak,
So bowing politely, began:

'T is a very fine day;'
(Not a word did she say;)
'The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south;

A fine harvest for pease:'
He then looked at the cheese,
But the Crow did n't open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
Her plumage admired,
'How charming! how brilliant its hue!
The voice must be fine
Of a bird so divine,
Ah! let me just hear it—pray do.

'Believe me, I long
To hear a sweet song.'
The silly crow foolishly tries.
She scarce gave one squall,
When the cheese she let fall,
And the fox ran away with the prize.

MORAL.

Ye innocent fair,
Of coxcombs beware,
To flattery never give ear;
Try well each pretence,
And keep to plain sense,
And then ye have little to fear. LITTLE D.

THE MOTHER'S WISH.

May cloudless beams of grace and truth
Adorn my daughter's opening youth;
Long, happy in her native home,
Among its fragrant groves to roam.

May choicest blessings her attend,
Blessed in her parents, sisters, friend!
May no rude wish assail her breast,
To love this world, by all confessed
As only given us to prepare
For one eternal, bright, and fair.
This world shall then no force retain,
Its syren voice shall charm in vain;
Religion's aid true peace shall bring,
Her voice with joy shall praises sing,
To him whose streams of mercy flow
To cheer the heart o'ercharged with wo;
And whilst retirement's sweets we prove,
For ever praise redeeming love.

WRITTEN AT BARMING.

TO MARIA.

How happy the days of your youth,
Instructed in virtue and truth,
By the parents you love and revere.
Your dwelling is healthy and neat,
Of sisters so dear the retreat,
And of neighbors abundance are near.

Oh think whence these blessings arise,
From a being so gracious and wise.
And should they by him be withdrawn;
Should every degree of distress,
My dearest of daughters oppress,
When torn from the sweet verdant lawn,

From what must she then seek relief,
When her mind is disturbed with grief,
  But from God who but chastens to bless?
Fine garments, rich food, and bright wine,
With which the voluptuous dine,
  Enervate beyond all redress.

In the sad sober moments of wo,
Which each mortal is destined to know,
  With joy will a Christian perceive,
That life as a vision recedes,
That faith rendered bright by good deeds,
  A blessed reward will receive.

Should you as a mother or wife,
Be called on to act in this life,
  Oh! strive every virtue to trace:
On the minds you may have to attend,
Join at once the kind mother and friend,
  And pray for their virtue and grace.

WRITTEN AT BARMING.

THE SNAIL.

The snail, how he creeps slowly over the wall,
He seems not to make any progress at all,
  About where you leave him you find him:
His long shining body he stretches out well,
And drags along with him his round hollow shell,
  And leaves a bright path-way behind him.

Do look, said young Tom, at that lazy old snail,
He 's almost an hour crawling over a pale,
  Enough all one's patience to worry;
Now, if I were he, I would gallop away,
Half over the world—twenty miles in a day,
  And turn business off in a hurry.

Well, Tom, said his father, but as I 'm afraid
That into a snail you can never be made,
  But still must remain a young master:
As such sort of wishes can nothing avail,
Take a hint for yourself from your jokes on the snail,
  And do your own work rather faster. J. T.

THE HOLYDAYS.

Ah! do n't you remember 't is almost December,
  And soon will the holydays come?
O! 't will be so funny, I 've plenty of money,
  I 'll buy me a sword and a drum.

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to tarry,
  Impatient to hurry from school;
But we shall discover, this holyday-lover
  Spoke both like a child and a fool.

For when he alighted, so highly delighted,
  Away from his sums and his books,
Though playthings surrounded, and sweetmeats abounded,
  Chagrin still appeared in his looks.

Though first they delighted, his toys were now slighted,
And thrown away out of his sight;
He spent every morning in stretching and yawning,
Yet went to bed weary at night.

He had not that treasure which really makes pleasure,
(A secret discovered by few,)
You 'll take it for granted, more playthings he wanted,
O no—it was something to do.

He found that employment created enjoyment,
And passed the time cheerful away;
That study and reading, by far were exceeding
His cakes, and his toys, and his play.

To school now returning, to study and learning,
With pleasure did Harry apply;
He felt no aversion to books, 't was diversion,
And caused him to smile, not to sigh.

OLD SARAH.

With haggard eye and wrinkled face,
Old Sarah goes, with tott'ring pace,
From door to door to beg;
With gypsy hat and tattered gown,
And petticoat of dirty brown,
And many-colored leg.

No blazing fire, no cheerful home,
She wanders comfortless and lone,
While winds and tempests blow;

And every traveller passing by,
She follows with a doleful cry,
Of poverty and wo.

But see! her arm no basket bears,
With laces gay and wooden wares,
And garters, blue and red;
To stroll about and drink her gin,
She loves far better than to spin,
Or work to earn her bread.

Old Sarah every body knows,
Nor is she pitied as she goes,
A melancholy sight;
For people do not like to give
Their alms to those who idle live,
And won't work when they might. J. T.

OLD SUSAN.

Old Susan, in a cottage small,
Though low the roof, and mud the wall,
And goods a scanty store,
Enjoys within her peaceful shed,
Her wholesome crust of barley bread,
Nor does she covet more.

Though old and feeble she must feel,
She daily plies her spinningwheel,
Within her cottage gate;
And thus with industry and care,
Though low her purse and hard her fare,
She envies not the great.

A decent gown she always wears,
Though many an ancient patch it bears,
And many a one that 's new:
No dirt is seen within her door,
Red sand she sprinkles on the floor,
As tidy people do

Old Susan every body knew,
And every one respected, too,
Her industry and care;
And when in sickness or in wo,
Her neighbors gladly would bestow
The little they could spare. J. T.

THE GLEANER.

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the cornfield poor Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, nor runs out of her place,
To play, or to idle, and chat;
Except now and then just to wipe her hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

'Poor girl, hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired and hot you must be:
Why do n't you leave off as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree?'

'Oh no! for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
And yet we can 't give them a bit?

'Then could I be merry, and idle, and play,
While they are so hungry and ill?
O no, I had rather work hard all the day,
My little blue apron to fill.'

SNOW.

O come to the window, dear brother, and see,
What mischief was done in the night;
The snow has quite covered the nice apple-tree,
And the bushes are sprinkled with white.

The spring in the grove is beginning to freeze,
The pond is hard frozen all o'er;
Long icicles hang in bright rows from the trees,
And drop in odd shapes from the door.

The old mossy thatch, and the meadows so green,
Are covered all over with white;
The snow-drop and crocus no more can be seen,
The thick snow has covered them quite.

And see the poor birds how they fly to and fro,
They 're come for their breakfast again;
But the little worms all are hid under the snow,
They hop about chirping in vain.

Then open the window, I 'll throw them some bread,
I 've some of my breakfast to spare:
I wish they would come to my hand to be fed,
But they 're all flown away, I declare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, do n't be frightened, I pray,
You shall not be hurt I 'll engage;
I 'm not come to catch you and force you away,
And fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know you 've no cause for alarm,
From me you have nothing to fear;
Why, my little fingers could do you no harm,
Although you came ever so near. J. T.

THE PIGS.

Do look at those pigs as they lay in the straw,
Little Richard said to his pa;—
They keep eating longer than ever I saw,
What nasty fat gluttons they are.

I see they are feasting, his father replied,
They eat a great deal, I allow:
But let us remember, before we deride,
'T is the nature, my dear, of a sow.

But when a great boy, such as you, my dear Dick,
Does nothing but eat all the day,
And keeps sucking good things till he makes himself sick,
What a glutton! indeed, we may say.

When plumcake and sugar for ever he picks,
And sweetmeats and comfits, and figs;
Pray let him get rid of his own nasty tricks,
And then he may laugh at the pigs. J. T.

FINERY.

In a frock neatly trimmed with a beautiful lace,
And hair nicely dressed, hanging over her face,
Thus decked, Harriet went to the house of a friend,
With a large *little* party the evening to spend.

Ah! how they will all be delighted, I guess,
And stare with surprise at my elegant dress;
Thus said the vain girl, and her little heart beat,
Impatient the happy young party to meet.

But alas! they were all too intent on their fun,
To observe the gay clothes this fine lady had on;
And thus all her trouble quite lost its design,
For they saw she was proud, but forgot she was fine.

'T was Lucy, though only in simple white clad,
(Nor trimmings, nor laces, nor jewels she had)
Whose cheerful good-nature delighted them more,
Than all the fine garments that Harriet wore.

'T is better to have a sweet smile on one's face,
Than to wear a rich frock with an elegant lace,
For the good-natured girl is loved best in the main
If her dress is but decent, though ever so plain. J. T.

CRAZY ROBERT.

Poor Robert is crazy—his hair is turned gray,
His beard is grown long, and hangs down to his breast;
Misfortune has taken his reason away,
His heart has no comfort, his head has no rest.

Poor man, it would please me to soften thy woes,
To soothe thy affliction, and yield thee support:
But see, through the village, wherever he goes,
The cruel boys follow, and turn him to sport.

'T is grievous to see how the pitiless mob
Run round him and mimic his mournful complaint,
And try to provoke him, and call him old Bob,
And hunt him about till he 's ready to faint.

But ah! wicked children, I fear they forget
That God does their cruel diversion behold;
And that in his book dreadful curses are writ,
For those who shall mock at the poor and the old.

Poor Robert, *thy* troubles will shortly be o'er,
Forgot in the grave thy misfortunes will be;
But God will his vengeance assuredly pour
On those wicked children who persecute thee. J. T.

EMPLOYMENT.

Who 'll come and play with me here under the tree,
My sisters have left me alone;
My sweet little Sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone.

O no, little lady, I can 't come, indeed,
I 've no time to idle away,
I 've got all my dear little children to feed,
And my nest to new cover with hay.

Pretty Bee, do not buzz about over the flower,
But come here and play with me, do:
The Sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour,
But stay, pretty Bee—will not you?

O no, little lady, for do not you see,
Those must work who would prosper and thrive,
If I play, they would call me a sad idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive.

Stop! stop! little Ant—do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play:
I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they.

O no, little lady, I can 't stay with you,
We 're not made to play, but to labor:
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for a neighbor.

What then, have they all some employment but me,
Who lay lounging here like a dunce?
O then, like the Ant, and the Sparrow, and Bee,
I 'll go to my lesson at once. J. T.

THE FIGHTING BIRDS.

Two little birds, in search of food,
Flew o'er the fields, and skimmed the flood,
  At last a worm they spy;
But who should take the prize they strove,
Their quarrel sounded through the grove,
  In notes both shrill and high.

But now a hawk, whose piercing sight
Had marked his prey, and watched their fight,
  With certain aim descended:
And pouncing on their furious strife,
He stopped their battle with their life,
  And so the war was ended.

Thus, when in discord brothers live,
And frequent blows of anger give,
  With hate their bosoms rending;
In life, with rogues perchance they meet,
To take advantage of their heat,
  Their lives in sorrow ending. J. T.

CREATION.

Come, child, look upwards to the sky,
  Behold the sun and moon,
Th' expanse of stars that sparkle high,
  To cheer the midnight gloom.

Come, child, and now behold the earth
In varied beauty stand:
The product view of six days' birth,
How wond'rous and how grand!

The fields, the meadows, and the plain,
The little laughing hills,
The waters too, the mighty main,
The rivers and the rills.

Come then, behold them all and say,
'How came these things to be?
That stand before, which ever way
I turn myself to see?'

'T was God who made the earth and sea,
To whom the angels bow;
'T was God who made both thee and me,
The God who sees us now. J. T.

THE TEMPEST.

Hark! 't is the tempest's hollow sound,
The bursting thunder and the rain,
While dense and heavy clouds unbound,
In torrents fall upon the plain.

See too the lightning's vivid flash,
In quick succession fire the sky;
All form a universal crash
Of elements at enmity.

The solid earth, as if with fear,
Trembles beneath the mighty war:
The waters, too, in mountains rear,
Loosed from the yoke of nature's law.

Behold the bellowing herds the heath
Forsake with haste, for shelter fled;
While shepherds fly, with panting breath,
In equal speed and greater dread.

And see yon ancient massive oak,
The forest's pride, for ages stood,
Its sturdy stem in shivers broke,
Its head driv'n downwards in the flood.

Tossed by the waves, the wretched bark
Alternate see it sink and rise;
Now fixed on rocks, a shattered mark
For furious winds and billows, lies.

In vain the drowning sailors cry,
Their shrieks are lost while thunders roar;
In vain their moans, no help is nigh,
Or ship or hospitable shore.

And does this tempest rage in vain?
And does no power, with potent arm,
Its fury suffer or restrain,
From injuring hold, or guide the harm?

Ah yes—a power indeed presides—
Yes, there 's a potent Being reigns;
Above the storm the Almighty rides—
These awful scenes 't is he ordains.

Then calm each fear, and silent stand
To learn his wisdom and his care,
The flash, unloosed from out his hand,
Proclaims in thunder—God is there. J. T.

ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

Welcome, happy little stranger,
To this busy world of care!
Nothing can thy peace endanger,
Nothing now thy steps ensnare.

Precious Babe! thou art excluded
From all thought of trouble near;
No distress has yet intruded,
Keen remorse, nor restless fear.

Innocence and peace attend thee!
Balmy slumbers now are thine—
Every change to thee is friendly:
Love and Joy around thee shine.

Yet, alas! behind the curtain,
Tribulation veils her form;
Disappointment's stamp is certain;
Virtue only shields from harm.

Now a mother's care is wanted;
All thy cravings are supplied;
All thy infant claims are granted;
Not one comfort is denied.

How her bosom pants with pleasure!
All her feelings are awake:
Gladly would she, little treasure,
All thy pains and sufferings take.

Mayst thou, if designed by heaven
Future days and years to see,
Soothe her, make her passage even,
Let her heart rejoice in thee!

May her anxious care and labors
Be repaid by filial love;
And thy soul be crowned with favors
From the boundless source above.

TURNIP TOPS.

While yet the white frost sparkles over the ground,
And daylight just peeps from the misty blue sky,
In yonder green fields, with my basket I 'm found;
Come buy my sweet turnip tops—turnip tops buy.

Sadly cold are my fingers, all drenched with the dew,
For the sun has scarce risen the meadows to dry,
And my feet have got wet with a hole in my shoe,
Come haste then, and buy my sweet turnip tops, buy

While you were asleep with your bed curtains drawn,
On pillows of down, in your chambers so high,
I tripped with the first rosy beam of the morn
To cull the green tops—come, my turnip tops buy.

Then, with the few halfpence or pence I can earn,
A loaf for my poor mammy's breakfast I 'll buy:
And to-morrow again, little Ann shall return
With turnip tops green and fresh gathered, to cry.

THE VULGAR LITTLE LADY.

'But mamma, now,' said Charlotte, 'pray do n't you believe
That I 'm better than Jenny, my nurse?
Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my sleeve;
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

I ride in a coach, and have nothing to do,
And the country folks stare at me so:
And nobody dares to control me but you,
Because I 'm a lady, you know.

'Then servants are vulgar, and I am genteel,
They are creatures that nobody knows,
So I 'm sure now, mamma, that I 'm better a deal,
Than maids, and such people as those.'

'True gentility, Charlotte,' her mother replied,
'Is confined to no station or place,
And nothing 's so vulgar as folly and pride,
Though dressed in red slippers and lace.

'Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess,
Should teach them the poor to despise,
For 't is in good manners, and not in good dress,
That the truest gentility lies.'

THE HORSE.

A HORSE, long used to bit and bridle,
But always much disposed to idle,
Had often wished that he was able
To steal unnoticed from the stable.

He panted, from his inmost soul,
To be at nobody's control,
Go his own pace, slower or faster,
In short, do nothing—like his master.

But yet, he ne'er had got at large,
If Jack (who had him in his charge)
Had not, as many have before,
Forgot to shut the stable door.

Dobbin, with expectation swelling,
Now rose to quit his present dwelling,
But first peeped out, with cautious fear,
T' examine if the coast was clear.

At length he ventured from his station,
And with extreme self-approbation,
As if delivered from a load,
He galloped to the public road.

And here he stood awhile debating,
(Till he was almost tired of waiting)
Which way he 'd please to bend his course,
Now there was nobody to force.

At last, unchecked by bit or rein,
He sauntered down a pleasant lane,
And neighed forth many a jocund song,
In triumph as he passed along.

But when dark night began t' appear,
In vain he sought some shelter near,
And he was sure he could not bear
To sleep out in the open air.

The grass felt very damp and raw,
Much colder than his master's straw,
Yet on it he was forced to stretch,
A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark, the country hilly,
Poor Dobbin felt extremely chilly;
Perhaps a feeling like remorse,
Just now might sting the gentle horse.

As soon as day began to dawn,
Dobbin, with long and weary yawn,
Arose from this his sleepless night,
But in low spirits and bad plight.

If this (thought he) is all I get
A bed unwholesome, cold, and wet;
And thus forlorn about to roam,
I think I 'd better be at home.

'T was long ere Dobbin could decide,
Betwixt his wishes and his pride,
Whether to live in all this danger,
Or go back sneaking to the manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way;
The thought of savory oats and hay
To hungry stomach, was a reason
Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set, with look profound,
Right glad that he was homeward bound;
And trotting fast as he was able,
Soon gained once more his master's stable.

Now Dobbin, after this disaster,
Never again forsook his master,
Convinced 't was best to let him mount,
Than travelling on his own account.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.

Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she 'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
Ah! well, thought she, I 'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone.

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses, large and wide:
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied.
O what a pretty box is this,
I 'll open it, said little miss.

I know that grandmamma would say,
Do n't meddle with it, dear:
But then, she 's far enough away,
And no one else is near;
Beside, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid;
And presently, a mighty jirk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face!

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze!

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes:
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma, she spies.
Hey day! and what 's the matter now?
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise, to refrain
From meddling evermore;
And 't is a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF POOR PUSS.

Kind masters and misses, whoever you be,
Do stop for a moment, and pity poor me;
While here on my death-bed I try to relate
My many misfortunes, and miseries great.

My dear mother Tabby, I 've often heard say,
That I *have* been a very fine cat in my day;
But the sorrows in which my whole life has been passed,
Have spoiled all my beauty, and killed me at last.

Poor thoughtless young thing! if I recollect right,
I was kittened in March on a clear frosty night;
And before I could see, or was half a week old,
I nearly had perished, the barn was so cold.

But this chilly spring, I got pretty well over,
And moused in the hayloft, or played in the clover;
And when this displeased me, or mousing was stale,
I used to run round and round, after my tail.

But ah! my poor tail and my pretty sleek ears!
The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears;
And little I thought, when I licked them so clean,
I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen.

Some time after this, when my sores were all healed,
As I laid in the sun, sound asleep, in a field,
Miss Fanny crept slily, and griping me fast,
Declared she had caught the sweet creature at last.

Ah! me, how I struggled my freedom to gain,
But alas! all my kicking and scratching were vain,
For she held me so tight in her pin-a-fore tied,
That before she got home I had like to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose;
Wherever I went I was followed with blows;
Some kicked me for nothing while quietly sleeping,
Or flogged me for daring the pantry to peep in.

And then the great dog! I shall never forget him;
How many 's the time Master Jacky would set him,
And while I stood terrified, all of a quake,
Cried 'Hey cat; and seize her boy, give her a shake.'

Sometimes, when so hungry I could not forbear
Just taking a scrap, that I thought they could spare,
Oh! what I have suffered with beating and banging,
Or starved for a fortnight, or threatened with hanging.

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that,
I 've borne with a spirit becoming a cat ;
There was but one thing which I could not sustain,
So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain.

One morning, safe hid in a warm little bed,
That down in the stable I 'd carefully spread,
Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw,
I concealed, as I thought, in some trusses of straw.

I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud,
I mewed to my kittens, and purred out aloud ;
And thought with delight of the merry carousing,
We 'd have, when I first took them with me a mousing.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful ditty,
I 'm sure it would melt even Growler to pity,
For the very next morning my darlings I found,
Lying dead by the horse-pond, all mangled and drown'd!

Poor darlings! I dragged them along to the stable,
And did all to warm them a mother was able,
But alas! all my licking and mewing were vain,
And I thought I should ne'er have been happy again.

However, time gave me a little relief,
And mousing diverted the thoughts of my grief,
And at last I began to be gay and contented,
Till one dreadful morning, forever repented.

Miss Fanny was fond of a favorite sparrow,
And often I longed for a taste of its marrow ;
So, not having eaten a morsel all day,
I flew to the bird-cage and tore it away.

Now tell me, kind friends, was the like ever heard,
That a cat should be killed just for catching a bird?
And I 'm sure, not the slightest suspicion I had,
But that catching a mouse was exactly as bad.

Indeed, I can say with my paw on my heart,
I would not have acted a mischievous part;
But as dear mother Tabby was often repeating,
I thought birds and mice were on purpose for eating.

Be this as it may, with the noise of its squeaking,
Miss Fanny came in while my whiskers were reeking,
And on my poor back the hot poker flying,
She gave me those bruises of which I am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows shorter apace,
And cold clammy sweats trickle down from my face:
I forgive little Fanny this bruise on my side;
She stopped, gave a sigh, and a struggle, and died!

NIGHT.

No longer the beautiful day,
  Shines over the landscape so light;
The shadows of evening gray
  Are closed in the darkness of night:
The din of employment is o 'er,
  Not a sound nor a whisper is heard;
The wagon bell tinkles no more,
  And still is the song of the bird.

The landscape, once blooming so fair,
With a garment of flowers o'erspread;
The landscape indeed is still there,
But all its fair colors are fled.
The sun sinking under the hill,
No longer shoots bright to the earth;
The bustle of business is still,
And hushed is the clamor of mirth.

The busy hand, busy no more,
Is sunk from its labors to rest;
Closed tight every window and door,
Where once the gay passengers pressed,
The houses of frolic and fun
Are empty, and dreary, and dark;
The din of the coaches is done,
And the tired horse rests from his work.

Just such is the season of death,
Which comes upon each of us fast;
The bosom can 't flutter with breath,
When life's little daytime is past.
The blood freezes cold in its vein,
The heart sinks forever to rest;
Not a fancy flits over the brain,
Nor a sigh finds its way from the breast.

The tongue stiff and silent is grown,
The pale lips move never again;
The smile and the dimple are flown,
And the voice both of pleasure and pain.
Clay cold the once feverish head,
The bright eye is sullen and dark;
For death's gloomy shadows have spread
That night in which no man can work.

But as from the silence and gloom,
Another gay morning shall rise,
So, bursting awake from the tomb,
We shall mount far away to the skies.
And those, who with meekness and prayer
In the paths of religion have trod,
Shall worship all glorious there,
Among the archangels of God.

DAY.

The sun rises bright in the air,
The dews of the morning are dry,
Men and beasts to their labors repair,
And the lark wings his way to the sky:
Now fresh from his moss-dappled shed,
The husbandman trudges along,
And like the lark over his head,
Begins the new day with a song.

Just now all around was so still,
Not a bird drew his head from his wing;
Not an echo was heard from the hill,
Not a water-fly dipped in the spring;
Now, every thing wakes from its sleep,
The shepherd boy pipes to his flock,
The common is speckled with sheep,
And cheerfully clamors the cock.

Now, winding along on the road
Half hid by the hedges so gay,
The wagon drags slow with its load,
And its bells tinkle, tinkle, away.

The husbandman follows his plough,
Across the brown fallow field's slope,
And toils in the sweat of his brow,
Repaid by the pleasures of hope.

The city, so noisy and wide,
Begins to look smoky and gray,
Now business, and pleasure, and pride,
March each in a different way.
My lord, and my lady so fair,
The merchant, with dignified look,
And all to their business repair,
From the nobleman down to his cook.

For the dews of the morning have flown,
And the sun rises bright in the sky;
Alike in the field and the town,
Men and beasts to their labor apply,
And idle no hand must remain,
Nor eye sink in slumber so dark,
For evening is coming again,
And the night, in which no man can work.

And what is our life but a day?
A short one that soon will be o'er;
Without stopping it gallops away,
And will never return any more!
Then while its bright beamings we have,
Let us keep its grand business in view,
Before our sun sets in the grave,
Which we know not how soon it may do.

DEAF MARTHA.

Poor Martha is old, and her hair is turned gray,
And her hearing has left her this many long year;
Ten to one if she knows what it is that you say,
Though she puts her poor wither'd hand close to her ear.

I 've seen naughty children run after her fast,
And cry ' Martha, run, there 's a bullock so bold,'
And when she was frightened, laugh at her at last,
Because she believed the sad stories they told.

I 've seen others put their mouths close to her ear,
And make signs as if they had something to say:
And when she said, ' Master, I 'm deaf and can't hear,'
Point at her, and mock her, and scamper away.

Ah! wicked the children, poor Martha to tease,
As if she had not enough else to endure;
They rather should try her affliction to ease,
And soothe a disorder that nothing can cure.

One day, when those children themselves are grown old,
And one may be deaf, and another be lame;
Perhaps they may find, that some children as bold,
May tease them, and mock them, and serve them the same.

Then, when they reflect on the days of their youth,
They 'll think of poor Martha, and all that they said,
And remember with shame and repentance the truth,
' That all wicked actions are surely repaid.'

THE PIN.

'Dear me! what signifies a pin,
Wedged in a rotten board?
I 'm certain that I won't begin,
At ten years old to hoard!
I never will be called a miser,
That I 'm determined,' said Eliza.

So onward tripped the little maid,
And left the pin behind,
Which very snug and quiet laid,
To its hard fate resigned;
Nor did she think (a careless chit)
'T was worth her while to stoop for it.

Next day a party was to ride
To see an air balloon;
And all the company beside,
Were dressed and ready soon,
But she a woful case was in,
For want of just a single pin!

In vain her eager eye she brings
To every darksome crack,
There was not one! and all her things
Were dropping off her back.
She cut her pincushion in two,
But no! not one had slidden through.

At last, as hunting on the floor
Over a crack she lay,
The carriage rattled to the door,

Then rattled fast away;
But poor Eliza was not in,
For want of just—a single pin.

There 's hardly any thing so small,
So trifling or so mean,
That we may never want at all,
For service unforeseen;
And wilful waste, depend upon 't,
Is, almost always, woful want!

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Here in the wiry prison, where I sing,
And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly:
Unable once to stretch my feeble wing,
Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky.

Day after day the selfsame things I see,
The cold white ceiling, and this wiry house;
Ah! how unlike my healthy native tree,
Rocked by the winds that whistle through the boughs.

Mild spring returning, strews the ground with flowers,
And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay;
But no warm sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
Nor kind companion twitters on the spray!

Oh! how I long to stretch my weary wings,
And fly away as far as I can see;
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest?
From flow'ry fields, wide woods and hedges green,
Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prisonhouse to die unseen!

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs?
And I, poor lonely I, forbid to join,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires!

Kind mistress, come, with gentle pitying hand,
Unbar my prison door, and set me free;
Then on the white thorn bush I 'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.

THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LITTLE BIRD.

Dear little bird, do n't make this piteous cry,
My heart will break to hear thee thus complain;
Gladly, dear little bird, I 'd let thee fly,
If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Sad was the boy who climbed the tree so high,
And took thee bare and shivering from thy nest;
But no, dear little bird, it was not I,
There 's more of soft compassion in my breast:

But when I saw thee, gasping wide for breath,
Without one feather on thy callow skin,
I begged the cruel boy to spare thy death,
Paid for thy little life and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee, with the tenderest care,
And filled thy gaping beak with nicest food;
Gave thee new bread and butter from my share,
And then with chickweed green, thy dwelling strewed.

Soon downy feathers dressed thy naked wing,
Smoothed by thy little beak with beauish care;
And many a summer's evening wouldst thou sing,
And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison door,
And let thee out into the world so wide,
Unused to such a wondrous place before,
Thou 'dst want some friendly shelter where to hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes,
And fight the stranger from the woods away;
Fierce hawks would chase thee tumbling thro' the skies,
Or crouching pussy mark thee for her prey.

Sad on the lonely blackthorn wouldst thou sit,
Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard,
And when the wintry wind and driving sleet
Came sweeping o'er, they 'd kill my pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my fav'rite, to be free,
Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye;
I would not take thee from thy native tree,
But now, 't would kill thee soon to let thee fly.

THE *TRUE* HISTORY OF A POOR LITTLE MOUSE.

A poor little mouse had once made him a nest,
As he fancied, the warmest, and safest, and best,
That a poor little mouse could enjoy ;
So snug, so convenient, so out of the way,
This poor little mouse and his family lay,
They feared neither pussy nor boy.

It was in a stove that was seldom in use,
Where shavings and papers were scattered in loose,
This poor little mouse made his hole :
But alas! Master Johnny had seen him one day,
As in a great fright he had scampered away,
With a piece of plum-pudding he stole.

As soon as young Johnny (who wicked and bad,
No pitiful thoughts for dumb animals had)
Descried the poor fellow's retreat,
He crept to the shavings and set them alight,
And before the poor mouse could run off in its fright,
It was scalded to death in the heat!

Poor mouse how it squeaked, I can 't bear to relate,
Nor how its poor little ones hopped in the grate,
And died one by one in the flame!
I should not much wonder to hear that one night,
This wicked boy's bed-curtains catching alight,
He suffered exactly the same.

THE CHATTERBOX.

From morning till night it was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a dropping!

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'T was vain to endeavor to still her;
Nor once did she lack, to continue her clack,
Till again she laid down on her pillow.

You 'll think now, perhaps, that there would have been gaps,
If she had not been wonderful clever;
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,
That it would be forthcoming forever:

But that 's quite absurd, for have you not heard,
That much tongue and few brains, are connected,
That they are supposed to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, if she 'd bridled her tongue,
With a little good sense and exertion;
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

THE SNOWDROP.

I saw a snowdrop on the bed,
Green taper leaves among;
Whiter than driven snow, its head
On the slim stalk was hung.

The wintry winds came sweeping o'er,
A bitter tempest blew;
The snowdrop faded—never more
To glitter with the dew.

I saw a smiling infant laid
In its fond mother's arms;
Around its rosy cheek there played
A thousand dimpling charms.

A bitter pain was sent to take
The smiling babe away;
How did its little bosom shake,
As in a fit it lay!

Its beating heart was quickly stopped
And in the earth so cold,
I saw the little coffin dropped
And covered up with mould.

Dear little children, who may read
This mournful story through,
Remember death may come with speed,
And bitter pains, for you.

THE YELLOW LEAF.

I saw a leaf come tilting down
From a bare, withered bough;
The leaf was dead, the branch was brown,
No fruit was left it now:

But much the rattling tempest blew,
The naked boughs among;
And here and there came whirling through
A leaf that loosely hung.

This leaf, they tell me, once was green,
Washed by the showers soft;
High on the topmost bough 't was seen,
And flourished up aloft.

I saw an old man totter slow,
Wrinkled, and weak, and gray;
He 'd hardly strength enough to go
Ever so short a way.

His ear was deaf, his eye was dim,
He leaned on crutches high;
But while I staid to pity him,
I saw him gasp and die.

This poor old man was once as gay
As rosy health could be,
Yes, and the youngest head must lay,
Ere long, as low as he!

POOR POMPEY'S COMPLAINT.

Stretched out on a dunghill, all covered with snow,
While round him blew many a pitiless blast,
His breath short and painful, his pulse beating low,
Poor honest old Pompey lay breathing his last.

Bleak whistled the wind, and loud bellowed the storm,
Cold pelted upon him the half frozen rain;
And amid the convulsions that shattered his form,
Thus honest old Pompey was heard to complain.

'Full many a winter I 've weathered the blast,
And plunged for my master through briar or bog;
And in my old age, when my vigor is past,
'T is cruel, I think, to forsake his poor dog.

'I 've guarded his dwelling by day and by night,
Impatient the roost-robbing gipsy to spy;
And the roost-robbing gipsy turned pale with affright,
When the flush of resentment shot fierce from my eye.

'On the heath and the mountain I 've followed his flocks
And kept them secure, while he slept in the sun;
Defended them safe from the blood-thirsty fox,
And asked but a bone when my labor was done.

'When he worked in the corn-field with brawny hot back,
I watched by his waistcoat beneath the tall tree,
And wo to the robber that dared to attack
The charge that my master committed to me.

'When jogging from market, with bags full of gold,
No moon to enliven his perilous way,
Nor star twinkling bright through the atmosphere cold,
'T was I kept the slow creeping robber at bay.

'One night when with cold overcome and oppressed,
He sunk by the way-side, benumbed in the snow,
I stretched my warm belly along on his breast,
And moaned, to let kind hearted passengers know.

'Yes—long have I served him with courage and zeal,
Till my shaking old bones are grown brittle and dry;
And 't is an unkindness I bitterly feel,
To be turned out of doors on a dunghill to die!

'I crawled to the kitchen, with pitiful moan,
And showed my poor ribs, that were cutting my skin,
And looked at my master, and begged for a bone,
But he said I was dirty and must not come in!

'But 't is the last struggle! my sorrows are o'er;
'T is death's clammy hand that is glazing my eye;
The keen gripe of hunger shall pinch me no more,
Nor hard-hearted master be deaf to my cry!' ANN

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green
The pretty English girl is seen!
Or beside her cottage neat,
Knitting on the garden seat.

Now within her humble door,
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,
Where upon the walls so white,
Hang her coppers polished bright.

Mary never idle sits,
She either sews, or spins, or knits,
Hard she labors all the week,
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,
Says her prayers (a constant rule)
And hastens to the Sunday School.

O how good should we be found,
Who live on England's happy ground!
Where rich and poor, and wretched may
All learn to walk in Wisdom's way.

THE POND.

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daises and butter-cups grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stooped to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there:
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet
To talk o'er affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects on which they were wont to converse
I 'm sorry I cannot include in my verse ;
For tho' I 've oft listened in hopes of discerning,
I own 't is a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken, who lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out:
Now standing tail upwards, now diving below;
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So this foolish chicken began to declare,
' I 've really a great mind to venture in there;
My mother's oft told me I must not go nigh,
But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

' Ducks have wings and feathers, and so have I too,
And my feet.....what 's the reason that they will not do?
Though my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned.

' So why should I not swim as well as a duck?
Suppose that I venture and e'en try my luck?
For,' said she (spite of all that her mother had taught her)
' I 'm really remarkably fond of the water.'

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
And found that her dear mother's cautions were true;
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself
round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 't was too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;
And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sunk down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back,
And by their grave looks, it was very apparent,
They discoursed on the sin of not minding a parent.

THE SCOTCH LADDIE.

Cold blows the north wind o'er the mountain so bare,
Poor Sawny benighted is travelling there,
His plaid-cloak around him he carefully binds,
And holds on his bonnet, that 's blown by the winds.

Long time has he wandered his desolate way,
That wound him along by the banks of the Tay;
Now o'er this cold mountain poor Sawny must roam,
Before he arrives at his dear little home.

Barefooted he follows the path he must go,
The print of his footsteps he leaves in the snow:
And while the white sleet patters cold in his face,
He thinks of his home, and he quickens his pace.

But see from afar he discovers a light,
That cheerfully gleams on the darkness of night,
And O what delights in his bosom arise!
He knows 't is his dear little home that he spies.

And now, when arrived at his father's own door,
His fears, his fatigues, his dangers are o'er;
His brothers and sisters press round with delight,
And welcome him in from the storms of the night.

For in vain from the north the keen winter winds blow,
In vain are the mountain tops covered with snow:
The cold of his country can never control
The affection that glows in the highlander's soul.

THE WELSH LAD.

Over the mountain and over the rock,
Wanders young Taffy to follow his flock,
While far above him he sees the wild goats,
Gallop about in their shaggy warm coats.

Sometimes they travel in frolicksome crowds,
To the mountain's high top that is lost in the clouds,
Then they descend to the valley again,
Or scale the black rocks that hang over the main.

Now when young Taffy's day's labor is o'er,
He cheerfully sits at his own cottage door;
While all his brothers and sisters around,
Sit in a circle upon the bare ground.

Then their good father, with spectacled nose,
Reads the Bible aloud, ere he takes his repose;
While the pale moon rises over the hill,
And the birds are asleep, and all Nature is still.

Now with his harp old Llewellin is seen,
And joins the gay party that sits on the green.
He leans in the door-way, and plays them a tune,
And the children all dance by the light of the moon.

How often the wretch in the city so gay,
Where pleasure and luxury follow his way;
When health quite forsakes him, and cheerfulness fails,
Might envy a lad on the mountains of Wales!

THE IRISH BOY.

Young Paddy is merry and happy, but poor,
His cabin is built in the midst of the moor;
No pretty green meadows about it are found,
But bogs in the middle and mountains around.

This wild Irish lad, of all lads the most frisky,
Enjoys his spare meal of potatoes and whisky,
As he merrily sits, with no care on his mind,
At the door of his cabin, and sings to the wind.

Close down at his feet lies his shaggy old dog,
Who has plunged with his master through many a bog:
While Paddy sings 'Liberty long shall reign o'er us,'
Shag catches his ardor, and barks a loud chorus.

Young Paddy, indeed, is not polished or mild,
But his soul is as free as his country is wild;
And though unacquainted with fashion or dress,
His heart ever melts at the sound of distress.

Then let us not laugh at his bulls and his blunders,
His broad native brogue, or his ignorant wonders,
Nor will we by ridicule ever destroy
The honest content of a wild Irish boy.

And thus while I sing of the wild Irish lad;
The Welsh boy; the Scotch, with his waistcoat of plaid,
I earnestly pray that I never may roam,
From England, dear England, my own native home.

GREEDY RICHARD.

'I think I want some pies this morning,'
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning;
So down he threw his slate and books,
And sauntered to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes
Round on the jellies and the pies,
So to select, with anxious care,
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided,
As his opinion was divided
'Twixt pie and jelly, he was loath
Either to leave, to take them both.

Now Richard never could be pleased
To eat till hunger was appeased,
But he 'd go on to cram and stuff,
Long after he had had enough.

'I sha'nt take any more,' said Dick,
'Dear me, I feel extremely sick,
I cannot eat this other bit;
I wish I had not tasted it.'

Then slowly rising from his seat,
He threw the cheesecake in the street,
And left the tempting pastry-cook's,
With very discontented looks.

Just then, a man with wooden leg
Met Dick, and held his hat to beg;
And while he told his mournful case,
Looked at him with imploring face.

Dick wished to relieve his pain,
His pocket searched, but searched in vain,
And so at last he did declare,
He had not got a farthing there.

The beggar turned, with face of grief,
And look of patient unbelief,
While Richard, now completely tamed,
Felt inconceivably ashamed.

'I wish,' said he (but wishing 's vain,)
'I 'd got my money back again,
And had not spent my last, to pay
For what I only threw away,

Another time I 'll take advice,
And not buy things because they 're nice,
But rather save my little store
To give poor folks, who want it more.

DIRTY JACK.

THERE was one little Jack,
Not very long back,
And 't is said, to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did they scour:
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went,
With water to splash himself o'er;
But he left the black streaks,
All over his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt
Could n't be more expert
Than he was, at grubbing about;
And the people have thought,
This gentleman ought
To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad
May, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure,

But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

THE FARM.

Bright glows the east with blushing red,
While yet upon their wholesome bed
The sleeping laborers rest;
And the pale moon and silver star
Grow paler still, and wandering far,
Sink slowly to the west.

And see, behind the sloping hill,
The morning clouds grow brighter still,
And all the shades retire;
Slowly the Sun, with golden ray,
Breaks forth above the horizon gray,
And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,
The lark ascends the skies;
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm,
The sleeping people at the farm,
And bid them all arise.

Then in the dairy's cool retreat,
The busy maids together meet:
The careful mistress sees
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,
Where the thick cream to butter turns,
And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,
With well known cry to call the cows,
  Still sleeping on the plain;
They, quickly rising one and all,
Obedient to the daily call,
  Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milk-maid now,
Seated beside the horned cow,
  With milking stool and pail;
The patient cow, with dappled hide,
Stands still unless to lash her side
  With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's charge)
Must all be fed, and let at large,
  To roam about again;
Wide open swings the great barn door,
And out the hungry creatures pour,
  To pick the scattered grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough,
The sun-burnt laborer hastens now,
  To guide with skilful arm;
Thus all is industry around,
No idle hand is ever found,
  Within the busy farm.

READING.

'And so you do not like to spell,
Mary, my dear,—O very well;
'T is dull and troublesome, you say
And you had rather be at play.

"Then bring me all your books again,—
Nay, Mary, why do you complain?
For as you do not choose to read,
You shall not have your books, indeed.

'So, as you wish to be a dunce,
Pray go and fetch me them at once;
For as you will not learn to spell,
'T is vain to think of reading well.

'Now do n't you think, you 'll blush to own,
When you become a woman grown,
Without one good excuse to plead,
That you have never learned to read?'

'O dear mamma,' (said Mary then)
'Do let me have my books again,
I never more will fret, indeed,
If you will let me learn to read.'

IDLENESS.

Some people complain they have nothing to do,
And time passes slowly away;
They saunter about with no object in view,
And long for the end of the day.

In vain are their riches, or honors, or birth,
They nothing can truly enjoy;
They 're the wretchedest creatures that live on the earth,
For want of some pleasing employ.

When people have no need to work for their bread,
And indolent always have been,
It never so much as comes into their head,
That wasting their time is a sin.

But man was created for some useful employ,
From earth's first creation till now;
And 't is good for his health, his comfort and joy,
To live by the sweat of his brow.

And those who of riches are fully possest,
Are not for that reason exempt,
If they give themselves up to an indolent rest,
They are objects of real contempt.

The pleasure that constant employments create,
By them cannot be understood;
And though they may rank with the rich and the great,
They never can rank with the good.

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,
As happily lived as good girls could desire;
And though they were neither grave, sullen, nor mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They do 'nt go to scratching or fighting for it!
But each one is willing to give up her right,
For they 'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight.

If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
And not like to some greedy children I 've known,
Who would go in a corner to eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
These good little girls would immediately run,
And not stand disputing to which it belonged,
And grumble, and fret, and declare they were wronged.

Whatever occurred, in their work or their play,
They were willing to yield, and give up their own way;
Then let us try all their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

MISCHIEF.

Let those who 're fond of idle tricks,
Of throwing stones, and breaking bricks,
And all that sort of fun;
Now hear a tale of idle Jim,
That they may warning take by him,
Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport and healthful play,
He never passed his time away,
He took no pleasure in it;
For mischief was his only joy,
Nor book, nor work, nor even toy,
Could please him for a minute.

A neighbor's house he 'd slily pass,
And throw a stone to break the glass,
  And then enjoy the joke;
Or if a window open stood,
He 'd throw in stones, or bits of wood,
  To frighten all the folk.

If travellers passing chanced to stay,
Of idle Jim to ask the way,
  He never told them right;
And then quite hardened in his sin,
Rejoice to see them taken in,
  And laugh with all his might.

He 'd tie a string across the street,
So to entangle people's feet,
  And make them tumble down:
Indeed, he was disliked so much,
That no good boy would play with such
  A nuisance to the town.

At last, the neighbors in despair,
Could all these tricks no longer bear,—
  In short (to end the tale)
The lad was cured of all his ways,
One time, by spending a few days
  Inside the county jail.

THE SPIDER.

'O LOOK at that great ugly Spider,' said Ann,
And screaming, she knocked it away with her fan;
'T is a great ugly creature, as ever can be,
I wish that it would not come crawling on me.'

'Indeed,' said her mother, 'I 'll venture to say,
'T will take care next time not to come in your way;
For after the fright, the fall, and the pain,
I 'm sure it has much the most cause to complain.

'Now why should you hate the poor insect, my dear!
If it hurt you, there'd be some excuse for your fear;
But if it had known where it was going to,
'T would have hurried away, and not crawled upon you.

'For *them* to fear *us*, is but natural and just,
Who in less than a moment could tread them to dust;
But certainly we have no cause for alarm,
For if they should try, they could do us no harm.

'Now look—it has got to its home, do you see?
What a fine curious web it has wove in the tree!
Now this, my dear Ann, is a lesson for you,
Only see what industry and patience can do.

'So when at your business you idle and play,
Recollect what you 've seen of this insect to-day,
For fear it should even be found to be true,
That a poor little spider is better than you.'

THE COW AND THE ASS.

Hard by a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed with the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh, as she often had done;
And standing stock still, leaning over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look,
Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass;
'How d'ye do?' said the cow, 'how d'ye do?' said the ass.

'Take a seat,' cried the cow, gently waving her hand,
'By no means, dear madam,' said he, 'while you stand;'
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
'Ma'am, your health,' said the ass—'thank you, sir,' said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been past,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last,
And waiting politely, as gentlemen must,
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,
'Do n't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
'T is a subject that lays with a weight on my mind:
We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

Now what is the reason (I see none at all)
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call;
Whatever I 'm doing ('t is certainly hard)
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

'I 've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese:
I 've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,
Or give Suke a box on the ears with my tail.'

'But, ma'am,' said the ass, 'not presuming to teach—
'O dear, I beg pardon—pray finish your speech;
I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed,' said the swain,
'Go on, and I 'll not interrupt you again.'

'Why sir, I was only agoing to observe,
I 'm resolved that these tyrants no longer I 'll serve;
But leave them forever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese.'

Ass waited a moment, to see if she 'd done,
And then 'not presuming to teach,' he begun;
'With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced by it yet.

'That you 're of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you;
'T is their nice green meadow in which you regale,
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.

''T is under their shelter you snugly repose,
When without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might be froze;
For my own part, I know I receive much from man,
And for him, in return, I do all that I can.'

The cow upon this cast her eye on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass;
'Yet,' thought she, 'I 'm determined I 'll benefit by 't,
For I really believe the fellow is right.' JANE.

THE BLIND SAILOR.

A SAILOR with a wooden leg,
A little charity implores:
He holds his tattered hat to beg,
Come, let us join our little stores.
Poor sailor! we ourselves might be
As wretched and as poor as thee.

A thousand thanks, my lady kind,
A thousand blessings on your head,
A flash of lightning struck me blind,
Or else I would not beg my bread.
I pray, that you may never be
As wretched and as poor as me.

I watched amid the stormy blast,
While horrid thunders rent the clouds;
A flash of lightning split the mast,
And danced among the bellowing shrouds.
That moment to the deck I fell,
A poor, unhappy spectacle!

From that tremendous, awful night,
I 've never seen the light of day;
No—not a spark of glimmering light
Has shone across my darksome way.
That light I valued not before,
Shall bless these withered eyes no more.

My little dog—a faithful friend,
Who with me crossed the stormy main,
Doth still my weary path attend,

And comforts me in all my pain;
He guides me from the miry bog,
My poor, half-famished, faithful dog!

With this companion at my side,
I travel on my lonely way;
And God Almighty will provide
A crust to feed us day by day.
Weep not for me, my lady kind,
Almighty God protects the blind.

THE WORM.

No, little worm, you need not slip
Into your hole, with such a skip;
Drawing the gravel as you glide
On to your smooth and slimy side.
I'm not a crow, poor worm, not I,
Peeping about your holes to spy,
And fly away with you in air,
To give my young ones each a share.
No, and I 'm not a rolling-stone,
Creaking along with hollow groan;
Nor am I of the naughty crew,
Who do n't care what poor worms go through,
But trample on them as they lay,
Rather than step the other way;
Or keep them dangling on a hook,
Choaked in a dismal pond or brook,
Till some poor fish comes swimming past,
And finishes their pain at last.

For my part, I could never bear
Your tender flesh to hack and tear,
Forgetting that poor worms endure
As much as I should to be sure,
If any giant should come and jump
On to my back, and kill me plump,
Or run my heart through with a sithe,
And think it fun to see me writhe!

O no, I 'm only looking about,
To see you wriggle in and out,
And drawing together your slimy rings,
Instead of feet, like other things:
So, little worm, do n't slide and slip
Into your hole, with such a skip.

FIRE.

What is it that shoots from the mountains so high,
In many a beautiful spire?
What is it that blazes and curls to the sky?
This beautiful something is Fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan,
Hot cinders fall thicker than snow;
Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown,
For burning fire rages below.

When Winter blows bleak, and loud bellows the storm,
And frostily twinkle the stars;
Then bright burns the fire in the chimney so warm
And the kettle sings shrill on the bars.

Then call the poor traveller, covered with snow,
And warm him with charity kind;
Fire is not so warm as the feelings that glow
In the friendly, benevolent mind.

By fire, rugged metals are fitted for use,
Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin;
Without its assistance, we could not produce
So much as a minikin pin.

Fire rages with fury wherever it comes,
If only one spark should be dropped,
Whole houses, or cities, sometimes it consumes,
Where its violence cannot be stopped.

And when the great morning of judgment shall rise,
How wide will its blazes be curled!
With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the skies,
And burn up this beautiful world.

AIR.

What is it that winds about over the world,
Spread thin like a covering fair?
Into each crack and crevice 't is artfully curled;
This sly little fluid is—Air.

In summer's still evening how peaceful it floats,
When not a leaf moves on the spray;
And no sound is heard but the nightingale's notes,
And merry gnats dancing away.

The village bells glide on its bosom serene,
And steal in sweet cadence along;
The shepherd's soft pipe warbles over the green,
And the cottage girls join in the song.

But when winter blows, then it bellows aloud,
And roars in the northerly blast;
With fury drives on the snowy blue cloud,
And cracks the tall tapering mast.

The sea rages wildly, and mounts to the skies
In billows and fringes of foam;
And the sailor in vain turns his pitiful eyes
Towards his dear, peaceable home.

When fire lays and smothers,or gnaws through the beam,
Air forces it fiercer to glow;
And engines in vain there cold torrents may stream,
Unless the wind ceases to blow.

In the forest it tears up the sturdy old oak,
That many a tempest had known;
The tall mountain's pine into splinters is broke,
And over the precipice blown.

And yet though it rages with fury so wild,
On the solid earth, water, or fire,
Without its assistance, the tenderest child,
Would struggle, and gasp, and expire.

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay,
Gave life to these bodies at first;
And when in the bosom it ceases to play,
We crumble again to our dust.

EARTH.

What is it that 's covered so richly with green,
And gives to the forest its birth?
A thousand plants bloom on its bosom serene;
Whose bosom?—the bosom of Earth.

Hidden deep in its bowels the emerald shines,
The ruby, and amethyst blue;
And silver and gold glitter bright in the mines
Of Mexico rich, and Peru.

Large quarries of granite and marble are spread
In its wonderful bosom like bones;
Chalks, gravel, and coals, salt, sulphur, and lead,
And thousands of beautiful stones.

Beasts, savage and tame, of all colors and forms,
Either stalk in its deserts, or creep;
White bears sit and growl to the northerly storms,
And shaggy goats bound from the steep.

The oak, and the snowdrop, the cedar, and rose,
Alike on its bosom are seen;
The tall fir of Norway, surrounded with snows,
And the mountain-ash scarlet and green.

Fine grass and rich mosses creep over its hills,
A thousand flowers breathe in the gale;
Tall water-seeds dip in its murmuring rills,
And harvests wave bright in the vale.

And when this poor body is cold and decayed,
And this warm throbbing heart is at rest;
My head upon thee, mother Earth, shall be laid,
To find a long home in thy breast.

WATER.

What is it that glitters so clear and serene,
Or dances in billows so white?
Ships skimming along on its surface, are seen;
'T is water that glitters so bright.

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet,
The pearl oyster quietly sleeps;
A thousand fair shells, yellow, amber, and jet,
And coral, glow red in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolicksome wrath,
While hoarsely the winter wind roars;
And shoals of green mackerel stretch from the north,
And wander along by our shores.

When tempests sweep over its bosom serene,
Like mountains its billows arise;
The ships now appear to be buried between,
And now carried up to the skies.

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill,
And sparkles right down from the steep;
Then waters the valley, and roars through the mill,
And wanders in many a sweep.

The traveller that crosses the desert so wide,
Hot, weary, and stifled with dust,
Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side,
To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its breast,
Nor ruffles its surface serene;
And the duckling unfledged waddles out of its nest
To dabble in ditch-water green.

The clouds blown about in the chilly blue sky,
Vast cisterns of water contain;
Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly,
In summer stream gently in rain.

When sunbeams so bright on the falling drops shine,
The rainbow enlivens the shower,
And glows in the heavens a beautiful sign,
That water shall drown us no more.

TIT FOR TAT.

Tit for tat is a very bad word,
As frequently people apply it;
It means, as I 've usually heard,
They intend to revenge themselves by it.
There is but one place where it 's proper and pat,
And there, I permit them, to say 'tit for tat.'

Poor Dobbin, that toils with his load,
Or gallops with master or man,
Do n't lash him so fast on the road,
You see he does all that he can:
How long has he served you! do recollect that,
And treat him with kindness; 't is but 'tit for tat.'

Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail,
And trudges home morning and night,
Till Dolly appears with her pail,
To milk out the fluid so white;
Do n't kick her poor haunches, or beat her, and that,
To be kind to poor Brindle is but 'tit for tat.'

Gray Donkey, the sturdy old ass,
That jogs with his panniers so wide,
And wants but a mouthful of grass,
Or perhaps a green thistle beside:
Do n't load him so heavy, he can 't carry that;
Poor Donkey, I 'm sure they forget 'tit for tat.'

There 's honest old Tray in the yard,
What courage and zeal has he shown;
'T would surely be cruelly hard,
Not to cast the poor fellow a bone.
How fiercely he barks at the robbers, and that,
I 'm sure, that to starve him, is not 'tit for tat.'

Poor Puss that runs mewing about,
Her white belly sweeping the ground;
The mother abused and kicked out,
And her innocent little ones drowned;
Whenever she catches the mischievous rat,
Be kind to poor Pussy, 't is but 'tit for tat.'

Whatever shows kindness to us,
With kindness we ought to repay;
Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss,
And every thing else in its way;
In cases like these, it is proper and pat,
To make use of this maxim, and say, 'tit for tat.'

JANE AND ELIZA.

THERE were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain,
One's name was Eliza, the other was Jane;
They were both of one height, as I have heard people say,
And both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'T was thought by most people, who slightly had seen them,
There was not a pin to be chosen between them;
But no one for long in this notion persisted,
So great a distinction there *really* existed.

Eliza knew well, that she could not be pleasing
While fretting and fuming, while sulky or teasing;
And therefore in company artfully tried,
Not to *break* her bad habits, but only to *hide*.

So when she was out, with much labor and pain,
She contrived to look *almost* as pleasing as Jane;
But I'm sure you'd have laughed, to have known all the while,
How her mouth would oft ache while she forced it to smile.

But in spite of her care, it would sometimes befall
That some cross event happened to ruin it all,
And because it might chance that her share was the worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispersed.

But Jane who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried;
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always showed what her bosom was feeling.

The smiles that upon her sweet countenance were,
At home or abroad, they were constantly there;
And Eliza worked hard, but could never obtain
The affection that freely was given to Jane.

ELIZA AND JANE.

Cheer up, my young friends, I have better news now,
Eliza has driven the scowl from her brow,
And finding she paid to get *nothing* so dearly,
Determined at last, to be good-natured *really*.

'T was a great deal of trouble at first I confess,
Her temper would rise, and 't was hard to repress;
But being a girl of some sense and discerning,
She would not be stopped by the trouble of turning.

Ten times in a day she 'd her work to begin,
When passion or fretfulness begged to come in;
But determined to see their vile faces no more,
She sent them off packing, and bolted the door.

Sometimes she would kneel in her chamber, and pray
That God in his mercy would take them away;
And God, who is pleased with a penitent's cry,
Bowed down in compassion, and helped her to try.

The smiles that beam on her countenance fair,
At home and abroad, they are constantly there;
And Eliza no longer is forced to complain,
That she 's not beloved like her play-fellow Jane.

THE BABY.

Safe sleeping on its mother's breast
The smiling babe appears,
Now sweetly sinking into rest;
Now washed in sudden tears:
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
There 's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care,
The little thing must die,
Its chubby hands too feeble are
One service to supply;
And not a tittle does it know
What kind of world 't is come into.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass
When scarcely born a day;
The foal, beside its mother ass,
Trots frolicksome away,
And no creature, tame or wild,
Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the Dolly, gaily drest,
And stroke its flaxen hair,
Or ring the coral at its waist,
With silver bells so fair,
Is all the little creature can,
That is so soon to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must glow
And lighten up the skies,
Before its tender limbs can grow
To any thing of size;
And all the while the mother's eye
Must every little want supply.

Then surely, when each little limb
Shall grow to healthy size,
And youth and manhood strengthen him
For toil and enterprise,
His mother's kindness is a debt,
He never, never will forget.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

Ah! who is it totters along,
And leans on the top of his stick?
His wrinkles are many and long,
And his beard has grown silver and thick.
No vigor enlivens his frame,
No cheerfulness beams in his eye,
His limbs are enfeebled and lame,
And I think he is going to die.

They tell me, he once was as young,
As gay and as cheerful as I,
That he danced the green wood walks among,
And carolled his songs to the sky;
That he clambered high over the rocks,
To search where the sea-bird had been,
And followed his frolicksome flocks
Up and down the mountain so green.

But now what a change there appears!
How altered his figure and face!
Bent low with a number of years,
How feeble and slow is his pace!
He thought a few winters ago,
Old age was a great while to come,
And it seems but as yesterday now,
That he frolicked in vigor and bloom.

He thought it was time enough yet,
For death and the grave to prepare,
And seemed all his life, to forget
How fast time would carry him there.
He sported in spirits and ease,

And religion thought troublesome stuff,
Till all in a hurry he sees,
That he has not half time enough.

Now weak with disorder and years,
And tottering into the dust,
He wishes, with penitent tears,
He had minded religion at first;
He weeps, and he trembles, and prays,
And wishes his life to return,
But alas! he has wasted the blaze,
And now it no longer will burn.

THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A DUCK, who had got such a habit of stuffing,
That all the day long she was panting and puffing;
And by every creature, who did her great crop see,
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy.

One day after eating a plentiful dinner,
With full twice as much as there should have been in her,
While up to her eyes in the gutter a roking,
Was greatly alarmed by the symptoms of choaking.

Now there was an old fellow, much famed for discerning,
(A drake who had taken a liking for learning)
And high in repute with his feathery friends,
Was called Dr. Drake,—for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dunghill was Dr. Drake's shop,
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop;
Some gravel and pebbles, to help the digestion,
And certain famed plants of the Doctor's selection.

So, taking a handful of comical things,
And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,
Set out, to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

'Dear sir,' said the duck, with a delicate quack,
Just turning a little way round on her back,
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,
'My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

'I feel so distended with wind, and opprest,
So squeamish and faint—such a load at my chest;
And day after day, I assure you it is hard,
To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard.'

'Give me leave,' said the doctor, with medical look,
As her flabby cold paw in his fingers he took;
'By the feel of your pulse—your complaint, I 've been thinking,
Is caused by your habit of eating and drinking.'

'O no, sir, believe me,' the lady replied,
(Alarmed for her stomach as well as her pride,)
'I am sure it arises from nothing I eat,
For I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.

'I 've only been roking a bit in the gutter,
Where the cook had been pouring some cold melted butter;
And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold meat,
Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat.'

The doctor was just to his business proceeding,
By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding,
When all on a sudden she rolled on her side,
Gave a horrible quackle, a struggle, and died!

Her remains were interred in a neighboring swamp
By her friends with a great deal of funeral pomp;
But I 've heard this inscription her tombstone was put on,
'Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton:'
And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends,
To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE'S COMPLAINT.

I 'm a helpless crippled child,
Gentle Christians, pity me;
Once in rosy health I smiled,
Blithe and gay as you can be,
And, upon the village green,
First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas! I 'm weak and low,
Cannot either work or play;
Tottering on my crutches slow,
Drag along my weary way:
Now no longer dance and sing,
Gaily in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,
Turning on my weary bed;
Softest pillows cannot give
Slumber to my aching head;
Constant anguish makes it fly
From my wakeful, heavy eye.

And when morning beams return,
  Still no comfort beams for me;
Still my limbs with fever burn,
  Painful shoots my crippled knee,
And another tedious day
Passes slow and sad away.

From my chamber windows high,
  Lifted to my easy chair,
I the village green can spy—
  Once I used to follow there,
March, or beat my new-bought drum:
Happy times! no more to come.

There I see my fellows gay,
  Sporting on the daisied turf,
And amidst their cheerful play,
  Stopped by many a merry laugh;
But the sight I cannot bear,
Leaning in my easy chair.

Let not then the scoffing eye,
  Laugh, my twisted leg to see;
Gentle Christian, passing by,
  Stop awhile and pity me,
And for you I 'll breathe a prayer,
Leaning on my easy chair.

POOR DONKEY'S EPITAPH.

Down in this ditch poor Donkey lies,
  Who jogged with many a load;
And till the day death closed his eyes,
  Browsed up and down this road.

No shelter had he for his head,
Whatever winds might blow;
A neighboring common was his bed,
Though dressed in sheets of snow.

In this green ditch he often strayed
To nip the dainty grass;
And friendly invitations brayed,
To some more hungry ass.

Each market-day he jogged along
Beneath the gardener's load,
And brayed out many a Donkey's song
To friends upon the road.

A tuft of grass, a thistle green,
Or cabbage-leaf so sweet,
Were all the dainties he was seen
For twenty years to eat.

And as for sport—the sober soul
Was such a steady Jack,
He only now and then would roll
Heels upwards on his back.

But all his sport, and dainties too,
And labors, now are o'er,
Last night so bleak a tempest blew,
He could withstand no more.

He felt his feeble limbs benumbed,
His blood was freezing slow,
And presently he tumbled plump,
Stone dead upon the snow.

Poor Donkey! travellers passing by,
Thy cold remains shall see;
And 't would be well, if all who die
Had worked as hard as thee. ANN.

THE ORPHAN.

My father and mother are dead,
No friend nor relation I have;
And now the cold earth is their bed,
And daisies grow over the grave.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,
The sight made me bitterly cry;
I said, and is this the dark room
Where my father and mother must lie!

I cast my eyes round me again,
In hopes some protector to see;
Alas! but the search was in vain,
For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky,
I groaned, though I said not a word;
Yet God was not deaf to my cry,
The friend of the fatherless heard.

O yes—and he graciously smiled,
And bid me on him to depend;
He whispered—fear not, little child,
For I am thy father and friend. JANE.

GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

Receive my body, pretty bed;
Soft pillow, O receive my head,
And thanks, my parents kind:
Those comforts who for me provide,
Their precepts still shall be my guide,
Their love I 'll keep in mind.

My hours mispent this day I rue,
My good things done how very few!
Forgive my fault, O Lord!
This night, if in thy grace I rest,
To-morrow may I rise refreshed,
To keep thy holy word.

RISING IN THE MORNING.

Thrice welcome to my opening eyes
The morning beam, which bids me rise
To all the joys of youth;
For thy protection whilst I slept,
O Lord, my humble thanks accept,
And bless my lips with truth.

Like cheerful birds, as I begin
This day, O keep my soul from sin—
And all things shall be well.

Thou gav'st me health, and clothes, and food,
Preserve me innocent and good,
Till evening curfew* bell.

FRANCES KEEPS HER PROMISE.

My Fanny, I have news to tell,
Your diligence quite pleases me,
You 've worked so neatly, read so well,
With cousin Jane you may drink tea.

But pray, my dear, remember this,
Although to stay you should incline,
Though warmly pressed by each kind Miss,
I wish you to return by nine.

With many thanks, the little child
Assured mamma she would obey;
When washed and dressed, she kissed and smiled
And with the maid she went away.

When reached her cousin's, she was shown
To where her little friends were met,
And when her coming was made known,
Around her flocked the cheerful set.

* Curfew Bell—was ordered by king William to be rung at eight o'clock at night, at the sound of which all fire and light was to be extinguished. Curfew comes from the French *couvre*, to cover, and *feu*, fire.

They dance, they play, and sweetly sing,
In every sport each child partakes,
And now the servants sweetmeats bring,
With wine and jellies, fruit and cakes.

In comes papa, and says—'My dears,
The magic lantern if you 'd see,
And that which on the wall appears,
Leave off your play, and follow me.'

Whilst Frances too enjoyed the sight,
Where moving figures all combine
To raise her wonder and delight,
She hears the parlor clock strike nine.

The boy walks in, 'Miss, Ann is come'—
'O dear, how soon!' the children cry;
They press, but Fanny will go home,
And bids her little friends good-by.

'My dear mamma, am I not good?'
'You are, indeed,' mamma replies,
'But when you said, I knew you would
Return, and thus you 've won a prize.

'This way, my love, and see the man
Whom I desired at nine to call:'
Down stairs young Frances swiftly ran,
And found him waiting in the hall.

'Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy,
A parrot or macaw so gay;
A speckled dove with scarlet eye,
But quickly choose, I cannot stay.

'Would you a Java sparrow love?'
'No, no, I thank you,' said the child;
'I 'll have a beauteous cooing dove,
So harmless, innocent, and mild!'

'Your choice, my Fanny, I commend,
No bird can with the dove compare;
But lest it pine without a friend,
You may, my dear, choose out a pair.'

MY OLD SHOES.

You 're now too old for me to wear, poor shoes,
And yet I will not sell you to the Jews,
Yon wand'ring little boy must barefoot go
Through mud and rain, and nipping frost and snow;
And as he walks along the road or street,
The flint is sharp, and cuts his tender feet.
My shoes, though old, might save him many a pain;
And should I sell them, what might be my gain?
A sixpence, that would buy some foolish toy;
No, take these shoes, poor shiv'ring barefoot boy.

TO GEORGE PULLING BUDS.

Don't pull that bud, it yet may grow
As fine a flower as this;
Had this been pulled a month ago,
We should its beauties miss.
You are yourself a bud, my blooming boy,
Weigh well the consequence ere you destroy,
Lest for a present paltry sport, you kill a future joy.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

A CHARMING present comes from town,
A baby-house quite neat;
With kitchen, parlors, dining-room
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,
From grand-papa it came;
Till little Rosa smiled delight,
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examined all,
The furniture was gay;
And in the rooms they placed their dolls,
When dressed in fine array.

At night their little candles lit,
And as they must be fed,
To supper down the dolls were placed,
And then were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma passed each hour,
Devoted to their play;
And long were cheerful, happy, kind,
No cross disputes had they.

Till Rose in baby-house would change
The chairs which were below,
'This carpet they will better suit;
I think I 'll have it so.'

'No, no, indeed,' her sister said,
'I 'm older, Rose, than you;
And I 'm the pet; the house is mine,
Miss, what I say is true.'

The quarrel grew to such a height,
Mamma she heard the noise,
And coming in, beheld the floor
All strewed with broken toys.

'O fie, my Emma! naughty Rose!
Say, why thus sulk and pout?
Remember this is New-year's day,
And both are going out.'

Now Betty calls the little girls,
Ho! come up stairs and dress;
They still revile with threats and taunts,
And angry rage express.

But just prepared to leave their room,
Persisting yet in strife,
Rose sickening fell on Betty's lap,
As void of sense or life.

Mamma appeared at Betty's call;
John for the doctor goes;
The measles, he begins to think,
Dread symptoms all disclose.

'But though I stay, my Emma, you
May go and spend the day.'
'O no, mamma,' replied the child,
'Do suffer me to stay.

'Beside my sister's bed I 'll sit,
And watch her with such care,
No pleasure can I e'er enjoy,
Till she my pleasure share.

'How silly now seems our dispute,
Not one of us she knows;
How pale she looks, how hard she breathes,
Poor pretty little Rose!'

THE CRUEL THORN.

A BIT of wool sticks here upon this thorn,
Ah cruel thorn, to tear it from the sheep!
And yet, perhaps, with pain its fleece was worn,
Its coat so thick, a hot and cumbrous heap.

The wool a little bird takes in his bill,
And with it up to yonder tree he flies;
A nest he 's building there with matchless skill,
Compact and close, that cold and rain defies.

To line that nest, the wool so soft and warm,
Preserves the eggs which hold its tender young;
And when they're hatch'd, the wool will keep from harm
The callow brood, until they 're fledged and strong.

Thus birds find use for what the sheep can spare:
In this, my child, a wholesome moral spy,
And when the poor shall crave, thy plenty share;
Let thy abundance thus their wants supply.

NIMBLE DICK.

My boy be cool, do things by rule,
And then you 'll do them right,
A story true I 'll tell to you,
'T is of a luckless wight.

He 'd never wait, was ever late,
Because he was so quick;
This shatter-brain did thus obtain
The name of Nimble Dick.

All in his best, young Dick was dressed,
Cries he, 'I 'm very dry!'
Though glass and jug, and china mug,
On sideboard stood hard by;

With skip and jump unto the pump,
With open mouth he goes,
The water out ran from the spout,
And wetted all his clothes.

A fine tureen, as e'er was seen,
On dinner table stood;
Says John, ''t is hot:'—says Dick, ''t is not,
I know the soup is good.'

His brother bawled, 'yourself you 'll scald;
O Dick, you 're so uncouth!'
Dick filled his spoon, and then as soon
Conveyed it to his mouth.

And soon about he spirts it out,
And cries, 'O wicked soup!'
His mother chid, his father bid
Him from the table troop.

All in despatch, he made a match
To run a race with Bill;
'My boy,' said he, 'I 'll win, you 'll see;
I 'll beat you, that I will.'

With merry heart, now off they start,
Like ponies full in speed;
Soon Bill he passed, for very fast
This Dicky ran indeed.

But hurry all, Dick got a fall,
And whilst he sprawling lay,
Bill reached the post, and Dicky lost,
And Billy won the day.

'Bring here my pad,' now cries the lad
Unto the servant John;
'I 'll mount astride, this day I 'll ride,
So put the saddle on.'

No time to waste, 't was brought in haste,
Dick longed to have it backed;
With spur and boot on leg and foot,
His whip he loudly cracked.

The mane he grasped, the crupper clasped,
And leaped up from the ground;
All smart and spruce, the girt was loose,
He turned the saddle round.

Then down he came, the scoff and shame
Of all the standers by:
Poor Dick, alack! upon his back,
Beneath the horse did lie.

Still slow and sure, success secure,
And be not over quick;
For method's sake, a warning take
From hasty Nimble Dick.

THE LINNET'S NEST.

My linnet's nest, Miss, will you buy!
They 're nearly fledged—Ah! no, not I;
I 'll not encourage wicked boys
To rob a parent of its joys;
Those darling joys, to feed its young,
To see them grow up brisk and strong.

With care the tender brood to nourish,
To see them plume, and perch, and flourish;
To hear them chirp, to hear them sing,
And see them try the little wing,
To view them chanting on the tree
The charming song of liberty.

I do not like to see them mope
Within a cage, devoid of hope,
And all the joys that freedom gives:
The pris'ner's sonnet only grieves.
I love their song, yet give to me
The cheerful note that sings 'I 'm free!'

THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

Lightly as the rose leaves fall,
By the zephyr scattered round;
Let thy feet, when thee I call,
Patting softly touch the ground.

Happy I to think thou 'rt mine!
Gentle greyhound, come apace;
Beauty's form in every line,
Every attitude is grace.

Speaking eyes thou hast—why shrink?
'Neath my hand why tremble so?
Beauteous greyhound, dost thou think
Harm from me?—believe me, no.

Cruel dogs and savage men
Hunt a wretched hare for miles,
Guiltless greyhound, here lie then,
Caress thy mistress for her smiles.

THE USE OF SIGHT.

'What, Charles returned!' papa exclaimed;
'How short your walk has been!
But Thomas—Julia—where are they?
Come, tell me what you 've seen.'

'So tedious, stupid, dull a walk!'
Said Charles, 'I 'll go no more;
First stopping here, then lagging there,
O'er this and that to pore.

'I crossed the fields near Woodland House,
And just went up the hill;
Then by the river side came down,
Near Mr. Fairplay's mill.'

Now Tom and Julia both ran in,
'O dear papa,' said they,
'The sweetest walk we both have had,
O what a pleasant day!

'Near Woodland House we crossed the fields
And by the mill we came.'
'Indeed,' exclaimed papa, 'how 's this?
Your brother took the same.

'But very dull he found the walk.
What have you there? let 's see;
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,
As new to you as me.'

'First look, papa, at this small branch,
Which on a tall oak grew,
And by its slimy berries white
The mistletoe we knew.

'A bird all green ran up the tree,
A woodpecker we call,
Who, with his strong bill, wounds the bark,
To feed on insects small.

'And many lapwings cried peewit!
And one among the rest,
Pretended lameness to decoy
Us from her lowly nest.

'Young starlings, martens, swallows, all
Such lovely flocks, so gay!
A heron too, who caught a fish,
And with it flew away:

'This bird we found, a kingfisher,
Though dead, his plumes how bright!—
To have him stuffed, my dear papa,
'T will be a charming sight.

'When reached the heath, how wide the space,
The air how fresh and sweet;
We plucked these flowers and diff'rent heath
The fairest we could meet.

'The distant prospect we admired,
The mountains far and blue;
A mansion here, a cottage there,
See, here 's the sketch we drew.

A splendid sight we next beheld,
The glorious setting sun,
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold,
His daily race was done.'

'True taste and knowledge,' said papa,
'By observation 's gained;
You 've both used well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtained.

'My Julia in this desk will find
A drawing-box quite new:
This spy-glass, Tom, you oft desired,
I think it now your due.

'And pretty toys and pretty gifts
For Charles too shall be bought,
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought.'

THE MORNING'S TASK.

Sit to your books, the father said,
Nor play nor trifle, laugh nor talk;
And when at noon you 've spelt and read
I 'll take you all a pleasant walk.
He left the room, the boys sat still,
Each gravely bent upon his task;
But soon the youngest, little Will,
Of this and that would teasing ask.

I 've lost my ball,' the prattler cried,
'Have either of you seen my ball?'
'Pray mind your book,' young Charles replied,
'Your noisy talk disturbs us all.
Remember now what we were told,
The time, I warn you, Will, draws near.'
'And what care I,' said Will so bold,
'You, Charles, I neither mind nor fear.'

He spun his top, he smacked his whip,
At marbles also he would play,
And round the room he chose to skip,
And thus his hours he threw away.
But at the window what comes in?
A lovely painted butterfly!
'A prize! a prize! that I will win,'
Young William loud is heard to cry.

Quick on the table up he leaps,
Then on the chairs and sofa springs;
Now there, now here, he softly creeps;
And now his books and hat he flings.
The brilliant insect fluttered round,
And out again it gaily flew;
Then through the window, with a bound,
Will jumped, and said, 'I 'll soon have you.'

From flower to flower the boy it led,
He still pursued the pretty thing.
Away it sprang from bed to bed,
Now sipping dew, now on the wing.
And to the fields it took its flight:
He thought the prize was worth the chase,
O'er hedge and ditch, with all his might,
He followed up the pleasing race.

To catch it, he was much perplexed,
The insect now is seen no more;
Whilst standing thus confounded, vexed,
He hears the village clock strike four.
Towards home he hastened at the sound:
All shame, surprise, and fear, and doubt,
Nor sisters, brothers could be found,
He asks, and hears they 're all gone out.

With sorrow struck, when this was told,
He cried—in sadness down he sat:
Now o'er the stones a carriage rolled,
And at the door came, rat tat tat.
And from the coach the girls and boys
Stepped out, all smiling, pleased, and gay,
With books and dolls, and pretty toys,
Bats, ninepins, hoops, and kites had they.

'Why, Will, my boy!' the father said,
'Come hither, child, but wherefore cry;
Do n't droop your face, why hang your head?
Let 's see the pretty butterfly.
I kept my promise, home I came,
According to my first intent;
You broke your word, and yours the shame,
We then without you shopping went.'

THE OAK.

The oak for grandeur, strength, and noble size,
Excels all trees that in the forest grow;
From acron small that trunk, those branches rise,
To which such signal benefits we owe.
Behold what shelter in its ample shade,
From noon tide sun, or from the drenching rain;
And of its timber stanch, vast ships are made,
To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

CARELESS MATILDA.

Again, Matilda, is your work astray,
Your thimble gone! your scissors, where are they?
Your needles, pins, your thread, and tapes all lost;
Your housewife here, and there your work-bag tost.
Fie, fie, my child! indeed this will not do,
Your hair uncombed, your frock in tatters too;
I 'm now resolved no more delays to grant,
This day I 'll send you to your stern old aunt.
In vain Matilda wept, repented, prayed,
In vain a promise of amendment made.

Arrived at Austere Hall, Matilda sighed,
By Lady Rigid, when severely eyed:
'You read and write, and work well, as I 'm told,
Are gentle, kind, good-natured, far from bold;
But very careless, negligent, and wild,
When you leave me, you 'll be a different child.'

The little girl next morn a favor asks,
'I wish to take a walk.'—'Go learn your tasks,'
The lady harsh replies, 'nor cry nor whine,
Your room you leave not till you 're called to dine.'
As thus Matilda sat, o'erwhelmed with shame,
A dame appeared, Disorder was her name:
Her hair and dress neglected, soiled her face,
She squinted, leered, and hobbled in her pace.
'Here, child,' she said, 'my mistress sends you this,
A bag of silks—a flower not worked amiss;
A polyanthus bright and wondrous gay,
You 'll copy it by noon, she bade me say.'
Disorder grinned, then shuffling walked away.

Entangled were the silks of every hue,
Confused and mixed were shades of pink, green, blue;
She took a thread, compared it with the flower,
'To finish this is not within my power.
Well-sorted silks had lady Rigid sent,
I might have worked, if such was her intent.'
She sighed, and melted into sobs and tears,
She hears a noise—and at the door appears
A pretty maiden, clean, well-dressed, and neat,
Her voice was soft, her looks sedate, yet sweet:
'My name is Order: do not cry, my love;
Attend to me, and thus you may improve.'
She took the silks, and drew out shade by shade,
In separate skeins each hue with care she laid;
Then smiling kindly left the little maid.

Matilda now resumes her sweet employ,
And sees the flower complete—how great her joy;
She leaves the room—'I 've done my task,' she cries;
The lady looked with disbelieving eyes,
But soon her harshness changed to glad surprise,
'Why, this is well! a very pretty flower,
Worked clean, exact, and done within the hour,
And now amuse yourself, ride, walk, or play.'
Thus passed Matilda this much dreaded day.

At all her tasks Disorder would attend,
At all her tasks still Order stood her friend.
With tears and sighs her studies she began,
These into smiles were changed by Order's plan:
No longer lady Rigid seemed severe,
Her looks the negligent alone need fear.

And now the day, the wished-for day is come,
When young Matilda 's suffered to go home;
'You quit me, child, but oft to mind recall,
The time you spent with me at Austere Hall.
And now, my dear, I 'll give you one of these,
Your servant she will be—take which you please.'
'From me,' Disorder asked, 'old friend, why start?'
Matilda clasped sweet Order to her heart,
'My dearest girl,' she said, 'we 'll never part.'

THE MUSHROOM GIRL.

'T is surely time for me to rise,
Though yet the dawn be gray;
Sweet sleep, O quit my closing eyes,
For I must now away,
The young birds twitter on the spray.

It is not for the dewy mead
I leave my soft repose,
Where daisies nod and lambkins feed;
But there the mushroom grows,
And that the sportive fairy knows.

I 'll rove the wide heath far and near,
Of mushrooms fine in quest;
But you remain, kind mother, here,
Lie still and take your rest,
Though we 're with poverty oppressed.

No toad-stool in my basket found;
My mushrooms when I sell,
I 'll buy us bread, our labors crowned,
Then let our neighbors tell,
That you and I live wondrous well.

BEASTS, BIRDS, AND FISHES.

The Dog will come when he is called
The Cat will walk away,
The Monkey's cheek is very bald,
The Goat is fond of play.
The Parrot is a prate-a-pace,
Yet knows not what she says;
The noble Horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,
The Wolf will eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet on the tree;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he.

O yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes.
The Lion roars so very loud,
He fills you with surprise.
The Raven's coat is shining black;
Or rather raven gray.
The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.
The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The useful Cow is meek,
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
The Lapwing loves to squeak.

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming Bird is less;
The Lady Bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork his father loves;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger 's fond of blood.
The Pigeon feeds on peas,
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster 's black, when boiled he 's red,
The harmless Lamb must bleed.
The Codfish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank,
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
The Weasel 's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil:
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale he gives us oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest night,
With candle in its tail;
The Turtle is the cit's delight,
It wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots;
The Starling, if he 's taught, will speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things know,
May yet be thought a dunce;
But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once. ADELAIDE.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

In a little dark crack half a yard from the ground,
An honest old spider resided:
So pleasant and snug, and convenient 't was found,
That his friends came to see it from many miles round;
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of life,
This spider was thoroughly tired:
So leaving those scenes of contention and strife,
(His children all settled) he came with his wife,
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife would consume,
'T would be easy for him to provide her,
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,
Where came every morning, a maid and a broom,
Those pitiless foes to a spider.

For when (as sometimes it would chance to befall)
Just when his neat web was completed,
Brush—came the great broom down the side of the wall,
And, perhaps carried with it, web, spider, and all,
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner)
Said to him, 'Dear, go to the cobweb and try,
If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,
As a bit of a relish for dinner.'

Directly he went, his long search to resume,
(For nothing he ever denied her)
Alas! little guessing his terrible doom,
Just then came the gentleman into his room,
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So, while the poor fellow, in search of his pelf,
In the cobwebs continued to linger,
The gentleman reached a long cane from the shelf,
(*For certain good reasons best known to himself*,
Preferring his *stick* to his *finger*)—

Then presently poking him down to the floor,
(Not stopping at all to consider)
With one horrid crush the whole business was o'er,
The poor little spider was heard of no more,
To the lasting distress of his widow!

THE POPPY.

High on a bright and sunny bed,
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its staring head,
And held it out to view.

Yet no attention did it win
By all these efforts made,
And less offensive had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I should grow as pert and vain,
As is this gaudy weed.

THE VIOLET.

Down in the green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there it spreads its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day
No follies to have to repent;
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent.

When I 've done all my buisness with patience and care
And been good, and obliging, and kind;
I lay on my pillow, and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confessed,
That I careless and idle have been;
I lay down as usual to go to my rest,
But feel discontented within.

Then as I do n't like all the trouble I 've had,
In future I 'll try to prevent it;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good—without being contented.

POVERTY.

I saw an old cottage of clay,
And only of mud was the floor;
'T was all falling into decay,
And the snow drifted in at the door.

Yet there a poor family dwelt,
In a cottage so dismal and rude;
And though gnawing hunger they felt,
They 'd scarcely a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread,
And to their poor mother they run:
'O give us some breakfast,' they said,
Alas! their poor mother had none.

She viewed them with looks of despair;
She said (and I am sure it was true)
'' T is not for myself that I care,
But, my poor little children, for you.'

O then, let the wealthy and gay
But see such a hovel as this,
That, in a poor cottage of clay,
They may learn what real misery is.

And the little that I have to spare,
I never will squander away,
While thousands of people there are,
As poor and as wretched as they.

CONTENTED JOHN.

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented,
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in a murmuring mood;
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

For why should I grumble and murmur, he said?
If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain;
Nor lie down to fret, in despondence and sorrow,
But said—that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,
Why John was good-natured and sociable still;
For he said—that revenging the injury done,
Would be making two rogues, where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without even a grumble;
And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

THE GAUDY FLOWER.

Why does my Anna toss her head,
And look so scornfully around,
As if she 'd scarcely deign to tread,
Upon the daisy-dappled ground.

Does fancied beauty fire thine eye,
The brilliant tint, the satin skin?
Does the loved glass, in passing by,
Reflect a form genteel and thin?

Alas! that form, that brilliant fire,
Will never win beholder's love:
They may make flattering fools admire,
Persons of sense they cannot move.

So glows the tulip, staring, bold,
In the broad sunshine it abides;
Like rubies, pearls, and burnished gold,
It shows its bulbous, glossy sides.

But who the gaudy flowret crops,
His breast, or sense to gratify!
Admired it blows, neglected drops,
Like a fair girl with scornful eye.

The heart's internal feelings move
By virtues seated in the mind;
Beauty excites more fear than love,
As fair, but empty damsels find.

SLUTTISHNESS.

Ah! Mary, my Mary where is your Dolly?
Look here, I protest, on the floor;
To leave her about in the dirt thus is folly.
You ought to be trusted no more.

I thought you were pleased, and received her quite gladly,
When on your birth-day she came home;
Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly,
And strew her things over the room.

Her bonnet of straw you once thought a great matter,
And tied it so pretty and neat;
Now see how 't is crumpled, no trencher is flatter,
It grieves your mamma thus to see 't.

Suppose (you 're my Dolly, you know, little daughter,
Whom I love to dress neat, and see good)
Suppose, in my care of you, I were to falter,
And let you get dirty and rude!

'But Dolly 's mere wood, I am flesh and blood living,
And deserve better treatment and care;'
That is true, my sweet girl, 't is the reason I 'm giving
This lesson so sharp and severe.

'T is not for Dolly I 'm anxious and fearful,
Though she cost too much to be spoiled;
I 'm afraid lest yourself should grow sluttish, not careful,
And that were a sad thing, my child.

DECEMBER NIGHT.

Dark and dismal is the night,
  Beating rain and wind so high;
Close the window shutters tight,
  And the cheerful fire come nigh.

Hear the blasts in dreadful chorus,
  Roaring through the naked trees,
Just like thunder bursting o'er us;
  Now they murmur, now they cease.

Think how many o'er the wild
  Wander in this dreadful weather;
Some poor mother with her child,
  Scarce can keep her rags together.

Or a wretched family,
  'Neath some mud-wall, ruined shed,
Shrugging close together, lie
  On the earth—their only bed.

While we sit within so warm,
  Sheltered, comfortable, safe;
Think how many 'bide the storm,
  Who no home, or shelter have.

Sad *their* lot is, wretched creatures!
  How much better off are *we;*
Discontent then, on our features
  Surely never ought to be.

J. T.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

On the cheerful Village Green,
Scattered round with houses neat,
All the boys and girls are seen,
Playing there with busy feet.

Now they frolic, hand in hand,
Making many a merry chain;
Then they form a warlike band,
Marching o'er the level plain.

Then ascends the worsted ball;
High it rises in the air;
Or against the cottage wall,
Up and down it bounces there.

Or the hoop, with even pace,
Runs before the merry crowd:
Joy is seen in every face;
Joy is heard in clamors loud.

For, among the rich and gay,
Fine, and grand, and decked in laces,
None appear more glad than they,
With happier hearts or happier faces.

Then, contented with my state,
Let me envy not the great;
Since true pleasure may be seen
On a cheerful Village Green.

JANE.